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6.

SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST

nach der Folio von 1623

mit den Varianten der andern Folios und einer Einleitung

herausgegeben von

Albrecht Wagner

BERLIN
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I*

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Einleitung.

I. Entstehungszeit.

Die Entstehungsgeschichte von Shakespeares *Sturm* ist in mehr als einer Hinsicht dunkel. Wir vermögen zunächst das Entstehungsjahr des Stückes nicht genau festzustellen, sondern können nur zeitliche Grenzen, allerdings ziemlich enge, angeben, innerhalb deren der *Sturm* entstanden sein muss.

Schon früh (in Johnson und Stephens's Variorum Edition 1778) hatte Malone darauf aufmerksam gemacht, dass die im Tempest I 2, 229 erwähnten Bermudas-Inseln (the still-vext Bermoothes) in England erst allgemein bekannt wurden seit dem Schiffbruch, den der Admiral Sir George Somers 1609 an der Küste dieser Inseln erlitt. Eine eingehende Schilderung dieses Ereignisses, das in der Geschichte der Colonisationsbestrebungen Englands zu Anfang des 17. Jahrhunderts eine Rolle spielt, ist gegeben in einem Traktat von Silvester Jourdan, betitelt: „A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, with divers others, 1610." Der Berichterstatter Jourdan war Teilnehmer der Expedition. Auf Grund einer genauen Vergleichung der Darstellung des Sturms und Schiffbruchs in Jourdans Bericht mit Tempest I 1 kam dann Malone zu

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dem Schlusse, dass das Shakespeare'sche Stück den Jourdan'schen Traktat voraussetzt [1]).

Dies Resultat ist fast allseitig acceptiert worden. Malone setzt auf Grund seines Nachweises die Entstehung des *Tempest* in die Jahre 1610—1611, und ihm ist die überwiegende Majorität der Shakespeare-Gelehrten gefolgt, nämlich Steevens [2]), Collier, W. W. Lloyd, Halliwell, Grant White (ed. I), Keightley, John Hunter, W. A. Wright, Stokes, Hudson, A. W. Ward, D. Morris, während andere Kritiker sich damit begnügen, den *Sturm* für ein spätes oder geradezu für das letzte Stück Shakespeares zu erklären (Capell?, Farmer, Skottowe, Campbell, Bathurst, die Cowden Clarkes, Phillpotts, Grant White (ed. II), Deighton). Versuche, die Entstehung in frühere Zeit zu setzen, scheitern meiner Ansicht nach an der Malone'schen Entdeckung (Hunter, Knight, Dyce, Staunton, Elze, Verplanck). Heraud, Fleay und Furnivall nehmen 1610 als Entstehungsjahr an.

Streng genommen ergiebt das Verhältnis von Tempest 1 I zu dem Jourdan'schen Bericht nur das Jahr 1610 als obere Grenze der Entstehungszeit, und man kann auf Grund dieses Zeugnisses vorsichtiger Weise von einem bestimmten Entstehungsjahr nicht reden.

Für den terminus ad quem haben wir ein äusseres Zeugnis in den Aufzeichnungen des sogenannten Vertue-Manuscripts. Dort findet sich unter der Ueberschrift „Plays acted at Court, Anno 1613 (from the Accounts of Lord Harrington, treasurer of the Chamber to King James I)" eine Notiz, die nach Halliwell (I 134) so lautet: "Paid to

[1]) Account of The Incidents from which The Title and Part of the Story of Shakespeare's Tempest were derived; and its True Date ascertained, 1808, S. 22 ff.

[2]) Ich gebe die Namen nach der Zusammenstellung in Furness' Ausgabe des *Tempest* (1892) S. 306.

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John Heminges uppon the councells warrant, dated at Whitehall XX° die Maii, 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Hignes, the La. Elizabeth, and the Prince Pallatyne Elector, fowerteene severall playes, viz. one play called Filaster, one other call'd the Knott of Fooles, one other Much Adoe aboute Nothinge, the Mayeds Tragedie, the Merye Dyvell of Edmonton, The Tempest, a Kinge and no Kinge, the Twins Tragedie, the Winters Tale, Sir John Falstafe, the Moore of Venice, the Nobleman, Cæsars Tragedie, and one other called Love lyes a Bleedinge, all which playes weare played within the tyme of this accompte, viz. paid the some of IIII. (XX). XIII. li. VI. s. VIII. d."

Daraus geht hervor, dass im Jahre 1613, und zwar bis zum 20. Mai dieses Jahres, unser Stück mit einer grösseren Reihe von anderen shakespearischen und nichtshakespearischen Dramen bei Hofe vor der Prinzessin Elisabeth, Tochter von James I., und ihrem Gemahl resp. Verlobten, dem Kurfürsten Friedrich von der Pfalz, gespielt wurde. Dies ist das einzige äussere Zeugnis für das Vorhandensein unseres Stückes vor der Folio von 1623, in der es zum ersten Mal gedruckt wurde. Wir haben also neben 1610 als terminus a quo als untere Grenze des Zeitraumes, in dem das Stück entstanden sein muss, das Jahr 1613.

Im Januar 1887 hat Richard Garnett in der New Shakspere Society einen Vortrag gehalten, der zwei Jahre später in der Zeitschrift *Universal Review* (April 1889, S. 556—566) gedruckt ist. Eine Uebersetzung dieser Abhandlung ist soeben in das Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespearegesellschaft aufgenommen worden (Bd. 35, S. 166—179, 1899). Wenn Garnett recht hat, so fällt die bisher fast allgemein angenommene Datierung 1610/11, wir brauchen uns auch nicht mit einer oberen und unteren Grenze zu begnügen, sondern das Entstehungsjahr des *Sturmes* ist 1613, und,

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was das Wichtigste ist, unsere ganze bisherige Auffassung des Stückes hat einer anderen zu weichen. Ich glaube um so mehr auf diesen Punkt hier etwas näher eingehen zu sollen, als auch Georg Brandes in seinem *William Shakespeare* (2. Aufl. 1898, S. 935 ff.) die von Garnett vertretenen Ansichten zu den seinigen gemacht und noch weiter ausgeführt hat.

Garnett hat drei Thesen aufgestellt, die er mit ebenso viel Energie wie Scharfsinn verteidigt.

Ich führe die beiden ersten an, da ich sie anzugreifen gedenke. Garnett behauptet:

1. „dass der *Sturm* für eine Privataufführung und bei Gelegenheit einer Hochzeit geschrieben wurde;"

2. „dass die spezielle Zuhörerschaft und die spezielle Hochzeit sich urkundlich bestimmen lassen; durch schlagende Anspielungen auf die Person des Bräutigams und den kürzlich erfolgten Tod des Prinzen Heinrich, sowie durch die Einführung des Königs Jacob selbst in das Stück werden sie des näheren enthüllt."

Als stärksten Beweis für These 1 betrachtet Garnett die Einführung der beiden Maskenspiele (in III 3 und IV). Nachdem er über das erste derselben gesagt hat, dass „die Maschinerie viel sorgfältiger sei, als nötig gewesen sein würde, wenn die Szene nicht um ihrer selbst willen eingeflochten wäre", fährt er fort: „Noch bedeutsamer ist das Hochzeitsmaskenspiel von Juno, Ceres und Iris im vierten Akt, das, wenn die wahre Absicht des Stückes übersehen wird, ein so völliger Auswuchs zu sein scheint, dass man es als Interpolation betrachtet hat."

Ich stimme zunächst mit Garnett darin überein, dass an eine Interpolation nicht zu denken ist. Dazu ist das Maskenspiel mit dem Vorausgehenden und dem unmittelbar Folgenden zu eng verknüpft. Wir würden andernfalls gezwungen sein, zugleich mit dem Hochzeitsspiel eine der

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schönsten und mit Recht berühmtesten Stellen des Stückes für unshakespearisch zu erklären, nämlich IV 151 ff.:

> And like the baselesse fabricke of *this* vision,
> . . . . . the great Globe it selfe,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
> And like *this* insubstantiall Pageant faded
> Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuff
> As dreames are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleepe.

Aber wenn nun Garnett fortfährt, Shakespeare müsse „einen sehr zwingenden Beweggrund zur Einführung dieses anscheinend zwecklosen Schaugepränges in das innerste Herz seines Dramas gehabt haben," und sagt, dass das Hochzeitsspiel „entweder ein blosser nutzloser Auswuchs oder höchst bedeutungsvoll" sei, und dass alles auf „eine königliche Hochzeit" und zwar „auf die Hochzeit im Königshause vom Jahre 1613" (zwischen der Prinzessin Elisabeth und dem Kurfürsten Friedrich von der Pfalz) hindeute, so vermag ich Garnett hier nicht zu folgen, dies scheint mir vielmehr weit über das Ziel hinauszuschiessen.

Die Situation zu Anfang des vierten Aktes ist doch die, dass Prospero dem jungen Paare seine Einwilligung zu ihrem Liebesbunde erteilt. Er thut dies unter liebevollen väterlichen Ermahnungen, über die später noch zu handeln sein wird. Wenn wir nun in Betracht ziehen, dass Prospero ein Magier, ein Zauberer ist, der durch das ganze Stück hindurch Proben seines übernatürlichen Könnens ablegt, so finde ich es ganz erklärlich, dass er den Wunsch hegt, seiner einzigen, innig geliebten Tochter und ihrem Erwählten gleichfalls einen Beweis seiner Kunst zu geben und ihnen durch ein kleines Zwischenspiel, in dem er seine Macht über die Geister zu zeigen Gelegenheit hat, am Tage vor ihrer Hochzeit, also an ihrem Polterabend, eine Freude zu bereiten.

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Ich meine, dass sich von diesem Gesichtspunkt aus die Einfügung des Hochzeitsspiels vollkommen einfach und natürlich erklärt. Diese ist auch von dem Dichter, was Garnett übersehen zu haben scheint, ausdrücklich motiviert, vgl. IV 39 ff.:

for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Endlich nimmt das Zwischenspiel im 4. Akt auch nicht den grossen Raum ein, den Garnett ihm vindiziert, wenn er sagt, dass „mit Entfernung des Maskenspiels fast der ganze 4. Akt verschwindet". Zunächst rein äusserlich: das Maskenspiel umfasst etwa 80 Verse und der ganze Akt 267. Aber es bleiben auch nach Ausscheidung der Masque noch zwei gewichtige und für den Gang der Handlung unentbehrliche Momente übrig, nämlich die Einwilligung Prosperos zu der Heirat des Liebespaares und die Bestrafung von Caliban und Genossen. Allerdings würde der Akt sehr kurz werden, aber ich möchte den Einschub vielmehr auf oeconomisch-technische Erwägungen des Dichters zurückführen als auf den Wunsch, dem Geschmack und den Neigungen einer königlichen Hochzeitsgesellschaft durch dieses kleine und inhaltlich nicht gerade bedeutende Zwischenspiel Rechnung zu tragen.

Ich möchte mir daher erlauben, die oben citirten Worte des verehrten Verfassers umzukehren und zu sagen, dass nach meiner Ansicht dies Hochzeitsspiel weder ein blosser nutzloser Auswuchs noch höchst bedeutungsvoll ist.

„Wenn Friedrich und Elisabeth Ferdinand und Miranda sind", sagt Garnett a. a. O. S. 173, „so folgt daraus, wie Tieck schon lange ausgesprochen hat, dass Prospero König Jacob ist". Ferner: „Die Aufführung muss der Hochzeit vorangegangen sein, denn sonst würde Prospero's Ermahnung

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zu vorehelicher Keuschheit am Anfang des vierten Aktes alle Beziehung verloren haben".

Dagegen möchte ich einwenden: wie hätte es Shakespeare wagen können, seinem Prospero eine solche Ermahnung an den Kurfürsten Friedrich und die junge Prinzessin Elisabeth in den Mund zu legen? Man vergegenwärtige sich doch die Situation, wie sie Garnett sich vorstellt: ein Dichter hat die Stirn, in einem Stück, das zur Verherrlichung der Vermählung der englischen Königstochter mit einem deutschen Fürsten geschrieben ist, vor dem König und dem gesamten Hofe den Bräutigam darauf hinzuweisen, dass es geboten sei, nicht dem raschen Triebe des Blutes zu folgen, sondern Enthaltsamkeit zu üben, bis die Kirche zu dem Bunde ihren Segen gespendet habe. Das scheint mir, selbst wenn die Zuschauer wussten, dass unter Prospero König Jacob zu verstehen war, undenkbar.

Auch Brandes, der sonst die Ansichten Garnetts teilt, geht hier nicht mit. Er sagt a. a. O. S. 966: „Doch zielen diese Warnungen schwerlich auf den Pfalzgrafen als Bräutigam ab. Dies würde ja wie eine Taktlosigkeit, wie Naseweisheit geklungen haben". Ich möchte es noch stärker ausdrücken und sagen: es wäre eine geradezu ungeheuerliche Taktlosigkeit gewesen, deren ein Mann wie Shakespeare nicht fähig war.

Ich meine, wenn irgend etwas, so müsste gerade dieser Punkt zur Vorsicht mahnen. Wie einfach und natürlich erklärt sich dagegen die Situation, wenn wir annehmen, dass die väterlichen Ermahnungen Prosperos auf etwas Persönliches, auf ein Ereignis aus dem Leben des Dichters zurückzuführen sind. Shakespeare mochte in dem Augenblick, wo er im Begriff stand, in die Heimat zurückzukehren, der stürmischen Leidenschaft seiner eigenen Jugend gedenken und seiner raschen Verbindung mit Anna Hathaway, der erst nachträglich die kirchliche Sanction zu Teil

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wurde. Von diesem Gesichtspunkte aus fällt auf die Ermahnung Prosperos eine Fülle von Licht, und seine nicht an eine bestimmte Persönlichkeit, sondern an die Allgemeinheit gerichtete Warnung erhält einen tiefen und schönen Sinn. Man vergleiche Act IV 18 ff.:

> No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
> To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
> Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew
> The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
> That you shall hate it both.

Wie an der eben angeführten Stelle, so hat man auch sonst — und ich glaube mit Recht — autobiographische Elemente in Prospero zu finden geglaubt. Wie Prospero, so ist auch Shakespeare einst hilflos in die Fremde hinausgestossen worden, und beide haben sich draussen aus eigener Kraft zu dem entwickelt, was sie geworden sind, der eine zum Herrn der Geister und überirdischen Mächte, der andere zum Gebieter in dem unermesslichen Reiche der Phantasie. Wie Prospero, auf der Höhe seines Schaffens und seiner Macht angelangt, Verzicht leistet, seinen Zauberstab zerbricht, sein Buch ins Meer versenkt, von seinem bisherigen Wirkungskreise Abschied nimmt und in die Heimat zurückkehrt, um der ihm dort obliegenden Pflichten zu walten, so mutatis mutandis Shakespeare.

Diese Anschauung verträgt sich aber nicht mit der Garnetts, und ich halte es nicht für richtig, dass Brandes in seinem Buche beide zu vereinigen sucht. Nach meiner Ansicht haben wir im *Tempest* nicht ein politisches Tendenzstück zu erblicken, das von Anspielungen auf die massgebenden Persönlichkeiten des damaligen englischen Hofes förmlich wimmelt, sondern nach wie vor ein dramatisirtes Zaubermärchen und zugleich eines der abgeklärtesten und tiefsten Stücke, die der Dichter jemals geschrieben

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hat. Wenn das aber richtig ist, so wird die Datierung in das Jahr 1613 hinfällig, und wir können nur sagen, dass das Stück in den Jahren 1610—1613 entstanden ist.

II. Litterarische Einflüsse.

Eine eigentliche Quelle unseres Stückes, eine wirkliche Vorlage, wie sie Shakespeare sonst vielfach benutzt hat, ist bisher nicht gefunden. Vermutlich war es eine verloren gegangene Dichtung, aus der auch Jacob Ayrer in seiner *Comedia von der schönen Sidea* geschöpft hat. Dass der Nürnberger Dichter von Shakespeare beeinflusst war, ist ausgeschlossen, da Ayrer schon im Jahre 1605 starb. Aber auch die Umkehrung, dass Shakespeare direkt aus Ayrer geschöpft habe, wie namentlich Meissner in seinen Untersuchungen über Shakespeare's *Sturm* (1872) beweisen will, ist wenig wahrscheinlich. Wenn man vergleicht, so sieht man, dass die Aehnlichkeiten sich wesentlich auf die vier Personen Prospero, Alonso, Ferdinand und Miranda (= Ludolff, Leudegast, Engelbrecht und Sidea) beschränken. Immerhin sind die Uebereinstimmungen derartig, dass die Annahme einer gemeinsamen Quelle für beide Dichter wahrscheinlich wird.

Sind wir hiernach hinsichtlich einer Vorlage für das ganze Stück nur auf Vermutungen angewiesen, so lässt sich andererseits zeigen, dass Shakespeare im einzelnen vielfach durch Schriften und Dichtungen, die er kannte, angeregt und beeinflusst worden ist.

Steevens ist der erste gewesen, der auf die Aehnlichkeit der Sturmscene im *Tempest* I 1 mit der Schilderung des Sturmes in *Pericles* III 1 aufmerksam gemacht hat. Auch W. A. Wright in seiner *Tempest*-Ausgabe (Clarendon Press Series, Oxford 1885) hebt dies

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hervor, indem er sagt: „The coincidences between the two plays are remarkable“. Es lassen sich auch wörtliche Uebereinstimmungen nachweisen, vergl. Tempest I 1, 14 f.:

You marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme

und Pericles III 1, 19:

Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.

Ferner Tempest I 1, 8 f.:

Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

und Pericles III 1, 45 f.:

But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

Man vergleiche im Uebrigen die beiden Scenen im Ganzen. Meissner (a. a. O.) geht noch weiter und findet in Cerimon, Helicanus und Marina die Vorbilder für Prospero, Gonzalo und Miranda.

Jourdan's Traktat *A Discovery of the Bermudas* vom Jahre 1610 ist oben bei der Erörterung über die Abfassungszeit bereits erwähnt. Malone's Ansichten über die Bedeutung dieses Traktates als einer partiellen Quelle des *Sturms* sind heute fast allgemein als richtig anerkannt.

Capell hat zuerst darauf aufmerksam gemacht, dass die Schilderung Gonzalos von dem communistischen Naturzustande in dem von ihm zu gründenden und zu beherrschenden Reiche (II 1, 147—168) eine merkwürdige Aehnlichkeit hat mit einer Stelle in Montaigne's *Essais*. Die Stelle lautet in Florios englischer Uebersetzung, wie sie Wright (a. a. o. S. 107) giebt:

It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no vse of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands,

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no vse of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousnes, envie detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.

Die Stelle des französischen Originals, wie sie Capell nach einer Brüsseler Ausgabe um 1659 abdruckt, lautet:

C'est une Nation, diray-je a Platon, en laquelle il n'y a aucune esperance de trafiq, nulle cognoissance de Lettres, nulle science de nombres, nul nom de Magistrat, ny de superoirité politique, nul usage de service, de richesse, ou de pauvreté, nuls contracts, nulles successions, nuls partages, nulles occupations qu' oysives, nul respect de parenté que commun, nul vestements, nulle agriculture, nul metal, nul usage de vin ou de bled. Les paroles mesmes, qui signifient le mensonge, la trahison, la dissimulation, l'avarice, l'envie, la detraction, le pardon, inouyes.

Warburton hat zuerst gesehen, dass die berühmte Abschiedsrede Prosperos an die Elfen V 1, 33 ff. („Ye Elues of hils, brooks, standing lakes & groues" etc.) eine so auffallende Aehnlichkeit mit Medeas Beschwörungsrede an die Geister der Nacht bei Ovid zeigt, dass litterarische Beeinflussung angenommen werden muss. Es handelt sich um Metamorphosen VII 197—219. Die Stelle in Arthur Goldings Uebersetzung (denn diese und nicht das Original ist von Shakespeare benutzt) lautet so:

Ye Ayres and Windes: ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye euerychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme seas rough, & make the rough seas playne.
And couer all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence againe.

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By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers iaw.
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and Forrests I remooue: I make the Mountaines shake,
And euen the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.
I call vp dead men from their graues and thee, O lightsome Moone
I darken oft, through beaten brasse abate thy perill soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake
And caused their vnwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre did set
And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were neuer shet.

Dagegen ist der Schluss der Rede, in welcher Prospero, und fügen wir hinzu, Shakespeare selbst, von seiner bisherigen Thätigkeit in ergreifender Weise Abschied nimmt, das Eigentum des Dichters (V 50 ff.):

But this rough Magicke
I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did euer Plummet sound
Ile drowne my booke.

Eine schon oben aus anderm Grunde citierte berühmte Stelle unsers Stückes (IV 1, 151 ff. „And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision The Cloud-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces" etc.) zeigt, wie Steevens zuerst nachgewiesen hat, eine so markante Aehnlichkeit mit einer Stelle eines älteren Stückes, dass auch dies nicht wohl auf Zufall beruhen kann. Es handelt sich um *The Tragedie of Darius*

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von William Alexander Earl of Sterling, zuerst gedruckt im Jahre 1603. Die betreffenden Verse stehen in der 2. Scene des 4. Aktes des genannten Stückes und lauten:

Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt;
Not sceptors, no, but reeds, soone brus'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behinde a token.
Those golden Pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie Courts, those sky-encountring walles
Evanisch all like vapours in the aire.

Aber wenn irgendwo, so zeigt sich hier, wie Shakespeare es verstand, das Material, das er vorfand, umzuprägen und ihm den Stempel seines Genius aufzudrücken, und Brandes hat Recht, wenn er (a. a. O. 951 f.) sagt: „die hübschen, keineswegs unbedeutenden oder schlechten Verse Stirlings enthalten in ganz übereinstimmenden Ausdrücken genau dieselbe Idee, wie die Shakespeareschen Zeilen, und zwar zuerst. Trotzdem würde heutzutage kein Mensch diese gut gereimten Verse, noch den Namen ihres Dichters kennen, wenn Shakespeare sie nicht durch den Druck seiner Hand in einige reimlose Zeilen umgeformt hätte, die, solange die englische Sprache besteht, im Gedächtnis der Menschen leben werden".

Die Zauberei lag als poetisches Motiv zu Shakespeares Zeiten in der Luft. Man braucht bloss an die ausserordentlich rasche Aneignung und dramatische Bearbeitung des Spies'schen Faustbuches durch Marlowe zu denken. Marlowes *Faustus* und Greenes *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* waren die beiden Zauberstücke κατ' ἐξοχήν; sie hatten auf das für solche Stoffe höchst empfängliche Publikum einen grossen Eindruck gemacht, und es liegt in der Natur der Sache, dass Shakespeare bei der Abfassung

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seiner Märchendichtung von diesen beiden Vorgängern in dem einen oder dem andern Punkte beeinflusst war.

Der Name des Dämons Setebos (I 2, 373) ist nach Farmer wahrscheinlich Eden's *History of Travayle* (1577) entnommen. Dort ist Setebos als die Gottheit genannt, die von den bei Gelegenheit der Magellanschen Entdeckungsreise aufgefundenen Riesen angerufen wird, wenn sie in Bedrängnis geraten.

Auch die wunderbare Mär von den „men whose heads stood in their brests" (III 3, 46 f.) stammt wohl aus einer solchen Reisebeschreibung. Vgl. auch Plinius (übersetzt von Holland) Buch V Cap. 8, wo von den „Blemmyi" die Rede ist, „who have no heads, but mouth and eies both in their brest". Dass Shakespeare schon früher an solchen Erzählungen Interesse nahm, zeigt Othello I 3, 144 f.:

> The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Was die Namen der auftretenden Personen anlangt, so ist es misslich, feststellen zu wollen, woher sie dem Dichter zugeflogen sind. Man hat darauf aufmerksam gemacht, dass die Namen Prospero und Stephano in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* (gespielt zuerst 1595 oder 1596) vorkommen. Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo möchte Malone aus Edens genanntem Werke ableiten. Auch historische Quellen sind für diese Namen herangezogen worden, aber ein Beweis ist nicht geführt und lässt sich nicht führen, und man muss dem Dichter bei seiner ausgebreiteten Lektüre die allgemeine Bekanntschaft mit solchen ausländischen Namen zutrauen, ohne dass es für ihre Anwendung bestimmter Quellen bedurfte.

Der Name Caliban wird nach Farmers Vorgang fast allgemein für eine Metathese von Cannibal gehalten, obwohl nichts in dem Wesen Calibans an einen Menschenfresser,

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an den man doch in erster Linie bei dem Ausdruck denkt, erinnert. Dagegen will Theodor Elze (im Sh.-Jahrbuch XV 252) den Namen von einer Gegend an der maroccanischen Küste, die Calibia heisst, ableiten. Miranda braucht nicht eine Erfindung des Dichters, auch nicht eine Zusammenziehung aus Mirandala zu sein, wie Malone vermutet, sondern der Name war gleichfalls in England bekannt, wie Furness in seiner Ausgabe S. 6 nachweist. In einem Briefe des englischen Gesandten in Madrid, Sir George Cornwallis, an den Earl of Salisbury aus dem Jahre 1607 wird als eine hervorragende Persönlichkeit des spanischen Hofes ein „Earl of Miranda" genannt.

Was endlich den Namen Ariel angeht, so begegnet er wiederholt in Jesaia 29, 1 ff. Es ist der Name der Stadt des Lagers Davids. Der Prophet redet sie an und ruft Wehe über sie. „Denn du wirst vom Herrn Zebaoth heimgesucht werden, mit Wetter und Erdbeben, und grossem Donner, mit Windwirbel und Ungewitter, und mit Flammen des verzehrenden Feuers". An einer andern Bibelstelle (Esra 8, 16) findet sich Ariel als Name eines Mannes, der mit andern ausgesandt wird, um die Reise nach Jerusalem vorzubereiten. Im Personenverzeichnis unsers Stückes steht: „Ariell, an ayrie spirit". Hunter und Thoms vermuten, dass der Gleichklang des Namens mit dem Adjectiv auf die Wahl desselben von Einfluss gewesen ist; denn dass der Dichter die Bedeutung des hebräischen Namens kannte, ist nicht anzunehmen.

III. Ueberarbeitungen und Fortsetzungen von Shakespeare's Tempest.

Im Jahre 1670 erschien eine Bearbeitung von Shakespeare's *Sturm* von Davenant und Dryden. Das Stück ist herausgegeben von Dryden, da Davenant um

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diese Zeit bereits tot war. Die Vorrede (unterzeichnet „John Driden“) ist vom 1. Dec. 1669 datirt, das Stück stammt aber, wie wir aus dem Epilog und noch aus einer andern davon unabhängigen Nachricht wissen, schon aus dem Jahre 1667. In der Vorrede rühmt sich Dryden der Mitarbeit Davenants: „Sir William Davenant, as he was a Man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found, that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespear . . . and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter part to Shakespear's Plot, namely that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it“.

In Drydens Bearbeitung finden wir nun in der That neben Miranda, die ausser ihrem Vater und Caliban nie einen Mann gesehen hat, als Gegenstück Hippolyto, der nie ein Weib sah. Aus Drydens Worten geht hervor, dass er die zahlreichen Hinzufügungen, die durch die Erfindung dieses Gegenparts nötig wurden, als geistiges Eigentum für sich und Davenant in Anspruch nimmt. Hermann Grimm aber hat in *Fünfzehn Essays* (1875 S. 206) die ebenso überraschende wie interessante Entdeckung gemacht, dass diese Hinzufügungen Wort für Wort aus dem etwa 20 Jahre früher entstandenen Drama Calderons *En esta vida todo es verdad y todo es mentira* entnommen sind.

Weiter füge ich der Curiosität wegen noch hinzu, dass 1797 von einem Schauspieler Namens F. G. Waldron ein Drama in fünf Akten *The Virgin Queen* erschien, das sich auf dem Titel als eine Fortsetzung von Shakespeare's *Tempest* bezeichnet. Als Prospero die verzauberte Insel verlässt, um sich nach Mailand einzuschiffen, bittet ihn Caliban so beweglich und unter Versprechungen

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ewiger Treue, ihn nicht in der Einsamkeit zurückzulassen, dass Prospero nicht widerstehen kann und ihn mitnimmt, und dies Vertrauen auf die Aufrichtigkeit Calibans wird beinahe sein Verderben. Als sie in See gestochen sind, erneuern die Verschwörer Antonio und Sebastian ihre alten Pläne, und Caliban gesellt sich zu ihnen. Auch die Hexe Sycorax erscheint wieder und vereinigt sich mit ihrem Sohne. Sie macht Caliban unverwundbar und verspricht ihm Miranda zur Frau. Prospero hat sich durch das Zerbrechen des Zauberstabes und durch das Versenken des Buches selbst seiner Macht beraubt und bereut das jetzt bitter, denn er glaubt sich durch seine Leichtgläubigkeit und Voreiligkeit dem Verderben geweiht. Da erscheint plötzlich Ariel, der alles vorausgesehen hat, mit Buch und Stab und errettet den Gebieter aus den Händen der Feinde.

IV. Der vorliegende Text.

Was nun den vorliegenden Text anlangt, so unterscheidet er sich von dem aller mir bekannten Ausgaben, mit Ausnahme der Furness'schen, dadurch, dass er nicht modernisirt ist. Ueber die Gründe, die für die Beibehaltung der alten Schreibung sprechen, habe ich mich bereits in der Einleitung zu meiner Ausgabe von Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (Heilbronn 1885) ausführlich geäussert und kann hier nur auf jene Ausführungen verweisen.

Im Jahre 1886 entschloss sich Horace Howard Furness in seiner grossartigen Ausgabe *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare* im sechsten Bande *(Othello)*, nachdem er vorher die Texte in modernisirter Gestalt gegeben hatte, gleichfalls die alte Schreibung beizubehalten, und hat dies seither in jedem neu erschienenen Bande, auch in seinem *Tempest* (1892) gethan. Furness spricht sich darüber in der Vorrede zu seinem *Othello*-Bande

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S. V so aus: „We must have Shakespeare's own text; or, failing this, the nearest possible approach to it. We shall be duly grateful to the wise and learned, who, where phrases are obscure, give us the words they believe to have been Shakespeare's; but, as students, we must have under our eyes the original text, which, however stubborn it may seem at times, may yet open its treasures to our importunity, and reveal charms before undreamed of".

Ich selbst habe 1890 (Halle, Niemeyer) Shakespeares *Macbeth* nach der Folio von 1623 unter Beibehaltung der alten Schreibung mit den Varianten der andern Folios herausgegeben, und da auch für den *Tempest* die erste Folio die älteste Textquelle ist, so konnte es für mich von vorn herein nicht zweifelhaft sein, dass hier im Wesentlichen in gleicher Weise zu verfahren war, wie dort. Wenn ich trotzdem eine kleine Abweichung in der Behandlung des vorliegenden Textes gegenüber der des *Macbeth* habe eintreten lassen, so möchte ich das kurz begründen. Im *Macbeth* habe ich an einer Reihe von Stellen die mir notwendig erscheinenden Aenderungen in den Text genommen, natürlich nicht, ohne in den Anmerkungen darüber Auskunft zu geben, sodass jeder mein Verfahren genau beurteilen konnte. In der vorliegenden Ausgabe habe ich nach reiflicher Ueberlegung darauf verzichtet, an dem in der ersten Folio überlieferten Text irgend etwas zu ändern, und die betreffenden Conjecturen in die Anmerkungen verwiesen. Ich könnte dies mit eignen Worten nicht besser begründen, als es Furness bereits gethan hat. Er sagt (a. a. O. S. VI): „If misspellings occur here and there, surely our common-school education is not so uncommon that we cannot silently correct them. If the punctuation be deficient, surely it can be supplied without an exorbitant demand upon our intelligence ..... Even if a remedy be proposed which is by all acknowledged

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to be efficacious, it is not enough for the student that he should know the remedy; he must see the ailment. Let the ailment, therefore, appear in all its severity in the text, and let the remedies be exhibited in the notes; by this means we may make a text for ourselves, and thus made, it will become a part of ourselves, and speak to us with more power than were it made for us by the wisest editor of them all — it may be 'an ill-favoured thing, sir', but it will be 'our own'". Dies entspricht genau den Zielen, die wir bei textkritischen Uebungen in den Seminaren unserer deutschen Universitäten verfolgen. Es kommt nicht darauf an, dem Studenten etwas Fertiges, in sich Abgeschlossenes vorzulegen, sodass er kaum noch etwas zu thun vorfindet, sondern ihn zu eigener Arbeit anzuregen und anzuleiten, und ich hoffe, dass der vorliegende Text sich dazu eignet.

Zu Grunde gelegt ist die Folio von 1623 und zwar mit allen ihren Eigentümlichkeiten. Weder an der Schreibung, noch an der Interpunktion, noch an den Bühnenweisungen und der Verstrennung ist irgend etwas geändert. Der Text der ersten Folio ist durch das grosse Staunton'sche Facsimile, durch die verkleinerte Nachbildung von Halliwell-Phillipps und durch den diplomatisch getreuen Abdruck von Lionel Booth hinlänglich bekannt, aber ich habe mich bei der Wiedergabe des Textes nicht an diese, sondern an die Originalausgabe gehalten. Ein Exemplar derselben[1])

[1]) Es existieren in den öffentlichen Bibliotheken Deutschlands meines Wissens überhaupt nur 2 Exemplare der ersten Folio: ausser dem von mir benützten Berliner noch ein ganz vortrefflich erhaltenes auf der Bremer Stadtbibliothek, die auch ein Exemplar der 4. Folio besitzt. Diese Ausgaben gehören zu der reichhaltigen Sammlung wertvoller englischer Werke, die der verstorbene Delius seiner Vaterstadt vermacht hat.

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hat durch die Liberalität der Verwaltung der königlichen Bibliothek zu Berlin eine Zeit lang zu meiner Verfügung gestanden.

Eine Reihe von Fehlern der Ausgabe von 1623 wird durch die zweite, dritte und vierte Folio (1632, 1664, 1685) corrigiert. Auch hier habe ich mich nicht mit den Variantenangaben der Cambridge-Edition oder bei Furness begnügt, sondern die Original-Ausgaben selbst herangezogen, die mir gleichfalls aus der Berliner königlichen Bibliothek in dankenswerter Weise zur Benutzung überlassen waren. Die Folios 2—4 sind für die Geschichte des Textes bis auf Rowe, der bekanntlich die vierte Folio seiner Ausgabe zu Grunde gelegt hat, von Wichtigkeit. Sie sind ausserdem so gut wie ganz unbekannt, da facsimilierte Ausgaben oder ein diplomatisch getreuer Abdruck, wie bei der ersten Folio, nicht existieren und Exemplare der Originalausgaben in England und gar erst in Deutschland ausserordentlich selten sind. Ich habe mich daher bemüht, in den Varianten die Abweichungen der zweiten bis vierten Folio von der ersten so genau wiederzugeben, dass sich jeder dieselben bis auf den Buchstaben reconstruieren kann, und dadurch unterscheidet sich die vorliegende Ausgabe von jeder vorhergehenden. Die vier Folios sind im kritischen Apparat der Reihe nach durch die Buchstaben A, B, C, D bezeichnet.

Was die Conjecturen der neueren Herausgeber angeht, so habe ich mich bei Auswahl derselben auf das notwendigste Mass beschränkt. Die Wiedergabe aller oder auch nur eines Teiles der zahllosen Verbesserungsvorschläge

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Vgl. das von der Bibliotheks-Direktion herausgegebene „Verzeichnis wertvoller Werke zur englischen Litteratur und Geschichte aus d. Bremer Stadtbibliothek“ (1899) auf das es sich verlohnt die Fachgenossen aufmerksam zu machen.

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hätte im Hinblick auf den Zweck dieser Ausgabe nur verwirrend wirken können. Diese Arbeit ist überdies in der Cambridge Edition bereits geleistet. Dort vermag sich jeder, der das Bedürfnis fühlt, ausreichend zu informieren, und es konnte nicht meine Absicht sein, jeden Einfall eines Herausgebers oder Kritikers hier nochmals zu verewigen.

Hinsichtlich der Zeilenzählung habe ich dem Wunsche des Herausgebers dieser Sammlung Rechnung getragen und die Zählung der Globe Edition zu Grunde gelegt. Ich selbst hätte zwar lieber durchgezählt, wie in meinem *Tamburlaine, Jew of Malta* und *Macbeth*, weil beim Citieren eine einzige Zahl bequemer ist, als drei, auf der andern Seite hat aber die Anlehnung an die Globe Edition, nach der heute fast allgemein citiert wird, auch ihre Vorzüge.

Halle, September 1899.

Albrecht Wagner.

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THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard:

Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.

Master.

BOte-swaine.

Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestirre, bestirre *Exit.* [5]

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th'Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Primus *BCD* Scæna *B* Prima *BCD.* a *(erstes) fehlt CD* Boteswain *CD.* Master, *D.* 1—5 -swain *CD* Bote-swain *D.* Here *CD* cheer *D.* Good, *Rowe* Speak *CD.* selves *BCD* a-ground *D* bestir, bestir *D.* 6—10 Hey *CD* cheerely *(zweites)]* cheerly *B nur einmal* cheerly *D.* hearts *BCD* top-sail *CD* tend *D.* Master's *D* wind *CD.* room *CD.*

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Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boteswaine, haue care: where's [10] the Master? Play the men.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme. [15]

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast [20] aboord.

Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your [25] authoritie: If you cannot, giue thankes you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say. *Exit.*

Bote-swaine *B* Bote-swain *C* Boteswain *D* have *BCD*. 11—15 keep *CD*. Boson] boatswain *Rowe*. Doe *C* hear *CD* mar *D*. Keep *CD* Cabins *BCD* doe *C*. storm *CD*. 16—20 Hence! *Johnson* care *Rowe*. Roarers *D* Name *C*. us *BCD*. Good: *Pope*. 21—25 aboard *CD*. love *BCD* than *D* self *CD*. work *CD*. we *CD* Rope *D* use *BCD*. 26—30 authority *C* Authority *C*. if *D* give *BCD* thanks *CD* have *BCD* liv'd *BCD*. self *CD* ready *CD*. hour *CD* Cheerly *D*.

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Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: [30] methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case [35] is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteswaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague — *A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.* vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: [40] yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then. [45]

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noysemaker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as [50] leaky as an vnstanched wench.

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have *BCD.* 31—35 me thinkes *B* me thinks *C* mark *CD* upon *BCD.* Gallows *CD.* Rope *D.* Cable *BCD* own *CD* advantage *BCD.* born *CD* be *CD* 36—40 Exeunt *Theobald.* Boteswain *CD.* Down *CD.* try *D* Main- *CD.* upon *BCD* louder than *D.* 41—45 Yet *D* again *CD* here *CD* Shall *BCD.* give *BCD* o're *CD* drown *C* drown? *D* have *BC* Have *D* mind *CD* sink *CD.* pox *CD.* Work *CD.* 46—50 Cur *D.* Noise- *D* less *D* drown'de *CD.* than *D.* than *D* Nut-shell *CD.* 51—55 unstanched *BCD.*

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Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost. [55]

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards,
This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning [60] the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water sweare against it.
And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.*
Mercy on vs.
We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split. [65]

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King.

Seb. Let's take leaue of him.

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath,

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courses; off *Steevens* (*Holt conj.*) again *CD.* Marinors *B.* 56-60 Prince, at prayers] Prince at prayers *D.* for — theirs *als Halbvers Pope.* I'm *CD.* lives *BCD* Drunkards *D.* wide-chopt rascal *D* might'st lie *CD.* 61—65 the — Tides *eine Zeile (Halbvers) Pope.* He'l *D.* every *BCD* sware (*sic*) *CD.* wid'st *CD* noise *D.* us *BCD.* 66—70 sink *CD* with King (*sic*) *CD.* leave *BCD* give *BCD.*

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Browne firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be [70] done,
but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Sena secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deerest father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th'welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell
(Who had no doubt 'some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.

Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Brown *C* brown *D* firs *D* furze *Rowe* above *BCD.* fain die *CD* Exit. *fehlt BCD.* Scæna *B.* 1 dearest *CD* have *BCD.* 2 wilde *B* Rore;] Rore, *D* allay *C.* 3 skie *C* sky *D* seems *CD* pour *CD* downe *B.* 4 th'] the *D* cheek *CD.* 5 have *BCD.* 6 brave *BCD* Vessell *CD.* 7 no douht (*sic*) *D.* 8 pieces *CD* Oh *C* Oh! *D* knock *CD.* 9 poor souls *CD.* 10 bin *B* been *CD.* 11 Have *BCD* sunk *CD.* 12 have *BCD.* 13 Souls *CD.* 14 piteous *CD.* 15 There's *CD* harm *CD.* wo *CD.*

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Pros. No harme:
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.
Pros. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I haue with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule,
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke:
Sit downe,
For thou must now know farther.
Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt

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harm *CD.* 16 have *BCD Komma fehlt D.* 17 dear *CD* one, *D* Daughter *D.* 18 art.] art, *BCD* nought *BCD.* 19 am; *D.* 20 poor *CD* Cell *D.* 22 never meddle *BCD.* time] true (*sic*) *D.* 23 inform *CD.* 24 pluck *CD.* 25 have *BCD.* 26 direful *D* wrack *CD.* 27 virtue *CD* thee:] thee, *CD.* 28 have *CD* prouision] compassion *BCD.* 29 soul *CD.* 30 hair *CD.* 31 Betide *BCD* Vessel *D.* 32 heard'st *CD* sink *CD* down *CD* Sit down *ist zur nächsten Zeile gezogen CD.* 33 have *BCD.*

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And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

Pros. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiue. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainely Sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst; and more, *Miranda:* But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Pros. Twelue yere since (*Miranda*) twelue yere since,

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35 a] the *BCD* bootlesse *C* bootless *D* inquisition *D*. 36 houre's *B* hour's *CD* come, *BCD*. 37 bids *CD* ear *CD*. 38 attentive *BCD*. 39 unto *BCD*. 40 think *CD*. 41 yeares *B* years *CD*. Certainly *C* Certainly, *D*. 44 far *D*. 45 dream *CD* than *D*. 47 Four *CD* five *BCD*. 49 lives *BCD* mind *BCD* else *CD*. 50 darke backward *CD* Abysme *CD*. 51 If *CD*. 52 may'st *CD* do *D*. 53 Twelve *BCD* year *CD* twelve *BCD* year *CD*.

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Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princesse; no worse Issued.

Mira. O the heauens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Pros. My brother and thy vncle, call'd *Anthonio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,

---

54 Father *BCD* Millain *CD*. 55 Power *CD*. 56 piece *CD* virtue *C* Virtue *D*. 57 sayd *B* Daugther *CD* Father *CD*. 58 Millain *CD* heire: *B* heir: *CD*. 59 And] *A Pope* Princess *D* issued *D*. heavens *BC* Heavens *D*. 60 foul *CD Kommafehlt D*. 61 Girl *CD*. 62 fowleplay *B* foul play *CD* sayest *BCD* heaved *BCD*. 63 bleeds *CD*. 64 think *CD* o'th' *CD* have *BCD* turnd *B*. 65 remembrance: *D* remembrance. *Rowe* farther. *D*. 66 Brother *CD* Uncle *CD*. 67 mark *CD* Brother *C*. 68 self *CD*. 69 lov'd *BCD*. 70 manage *D* time. *CD*. 71 Though (*sic*) *B*.

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And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncle
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t'aduance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Pros. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd

---

73 Liberall *BC* Liberal *D* Arts *CD*. 74 parallell *C* parallel *D* study *CD* study; *Rowe*. 75 Government *BCD* upon *BCD* Brother *C*. 76 state *BCD*. 77 studies. *Rowe* Uncle *CD*. 78 Doest *BC* Dost *D* me *fehlt CD*. heedfully *CD*. 79 grant suits *CD*. 80 How *BCD* whom *BCD* t'aduauce (*sic*) *B* t'advance *CD* whom *BCD*. 81 over-toppinng (*sic*) *B* over-topping *CD*. 83 else *BCD* having *BCD*. 84 Office *D* e'th (*sic*) *B* o'th *C* o'th' *D*. 85 ear *C* Ear *D*. 86 Ivy *BCD* Trunk *D*. 88 do *D*. mark *CD*. 90 closenesse *C* closeness *D*. 91 With *BCD* so *fehlt BCD* retired *CD*.

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Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reuenew yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleeue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution,
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'stthou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

Pros. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore Man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates

---

92 Brother *C.* 93 evill *BC* evil *D.* 95 falshood *D* its *D* contrary *BCD.* 96 indeed *CD.* 98 only *D* revenew *BC* Revenue *D* yielded *CD.* 99 else *C* exact; like *Rowe.* 100 having *BCD.* 101 sinner *CD* Memory *CD.* 102 credit *CD* own *CD* beleeve *B* believe *CD.* 104 Royalty *CD* 105 prerogative *BCD* his] is *B.* 106 Dost *D* hear *CD.* deafnesse *C* deafness *D.* 107 have *BCD* Shreen *C* Screen *D.* 108 needs *CD.* 109 Millain *CD* poor man *CD* Library *CD.* 110 Dukedom *D* temporal *D* roialties *B* royalties *C* Royalties *D.* 111 thinkes *B.*

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(so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage,
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.
Mira. Oh the heauens:
Pros. Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,
Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.
Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open

---

112 So *CD* dry *D* sway *D* with] wi'th' *Rowe.* 113 give *BCD* annuall *BC* annual *D* do *D.* 114 Subject *BCD* *Komma fehlt CD* Crowne, *B* Crown, *CD.* 115 Dukedome *BC* unbowed *BCD* alass *C* poor Millain *CD.* 116 most] much *BCD* heavens *BD* Heavens *C.* 117 Mark *CD* event *BCD.* 118 Brother *C.* sin *CD.* 119 think *CD* Nobly *CD.* 120 wombs *D* have *BCD* born *CD* sons *CD.* condition *CD.* 122 inveterate *BC* brothers *C* brother's *D.* 124 tribute *D.* 126 Dukedom *D* fair Millain *CD.* 127 honors *B* honours *CD.* 128 Army *CD* levied *BCD.*

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The gates of *Millaine,* and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.
Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not remembring how I cride out then,
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.
Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloudy on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyst vs

---

130 Millain *CD* i'th' *D* darknesse *C* darkness *D*. 131 Ministers *BCD*. 132 self *CD*. 133 cri'd *C* cry'd *D*. 134 o're *CD* again *CD*. 135 to't *D*. Hear *CD*. 136 business *D*. 137 upon's *BCD* story *BCD*. 139 houre *B* hour *CD* us *BCD*. 140 tale *CD* provokes *BCD* Dear *CD*. 141 dear *CD* love *BCD*. 142 mark *CD* bloody *CD* business *D*. 143 foul *CD*. 144 us *BCD* aboard *CD* Bark *CD*. 145 us *BCD*. 146 carkass *D* But *D*. 147 tackle, nor sayle (sail *CD*), *BCD* Rats *D*. 148 Instinctively *CD* have *BCD* hoist *CD* us *BCD*.

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To cry to th' Sea. that roard to vs; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pitty sighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preserue me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we a shore?
Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnishd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that

---

149 roar'd *CD* us *BCD*. 150 Winds *CD* pity *CD* back again *CD*. 151 us *BCD* loving *BCD*. Alack! *D*. 152 Cherubim *D*. 153 preserve *BCD*. 154 heaven *BCD*. 155 have *BCD* deck't *CD* Sea *D*. 156 Under *CD*. 157 undergoing *BCD* stomack *CD* bear *CD* up *BCD*. 158 ashore *CD*. 159 providence *BCD* divine *BCD*. 160 *erstes Komma fehlt D*. 161 Neopolitan *B*. 163 design *CD* give *CD* us *BCD*. 165 have *BCD* steeded] steaded *Steevens* much, so] much. So *Rowe* gentleness *D*. 166 lov'd *BCD* Books *CD* furnish'd *D*. 167 own *CD*.

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I prize aboue my Dukedome.
Mir. Would I might
But euer see that man.
Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors not so carefull.
Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For raysing this Sea-storme?
Pro. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A most auspitious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:

---

168 above *BCD* Dukedom *D.* 169 ever *BCD.* 170 hear *CD* Sea-sorrow *CD.* 171 Here *CD* Island *CD* arriv'd *CD* here *CD.* 172 Have *BCD* School-master *CD.* 173 Princess *D* have *BCD.* 174 hours *CD* careful *D.* 175 Heavens *BCD* thanke *B.* 176 mind *BCD.* 177 raising *CD* -storm *CD.* 178 bountiful *D.* 179 dear *CD.* 181 find *CD* upon *BCD.* 182 star *CD.* 183 omit, *Rowe.* 184 ever *BCD* droop *CD* Here *CD.* 185 inclin'd *CD* sleep *CD* dulness *D.* 186 give *BCD.*

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Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel.* Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clowds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.
Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee?
Ar. To euery Article.
I boorded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'ld diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precursers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

---

187 Servant *BCD.* 189 hail *CD* grave *BCD* hail *CD.* 190 be it *BCD.* 191 dive *BCD.* 192 curl'd *CD* clowdes *B* clouds *D* task *D.* 193 Quality *CD.* 194 Perform'd *CD.* 195 every *BCD.* 196 boarded *CD* Beak *CD.* 197 Deck *C* deck *D* every *BCD* Cabin *CD.* 198 sometimes *BCD* divide *BCD.* 199 burn *CD* top-mast *BCD.* 200 Bore-sprit *BCD* bowsprit *Steevens.* 201 meet *CD* joyne *B* joyn *CD* Ioves *B* Joves *CD* Lightning *ABCD*] lightnings *Theobald.* 202 dreadful *D* momentary *D.* 205 Seem *CD* waves *BCD.* 206 dread] dead (*sic*) *BCD.*

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Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?
Ar. Not a soule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.
Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?
Ar. Close by, my Master.
Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe?
Ar. Not a haire perishd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I haue dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

---

brave *BCD.* 207 firm *CD* coyl *CD.* 208 soul *CD.* 209 Feaver *BCD* mad *D.* 210 trickes *B* disperation *B.* 211 vessel, *Rowe* vessell; *ABC* vessel; *D.* 211/12 vessel, . . . with me; *Rowe.* 212 son *CD.* 213 hair *CD* up- *BCD* hair *CD.* 214 cri'd *CD* empty, and *D.* 215 And *fehlt D* All *D* Divells *B* Devils *CD* here *CD* 216 nigh *BCD.* 217 Ariel *CD.* hair *CD* perished *CD.* 219 than *D.* 220 have *BCD* dispers'd *CD.* 221 son *CD* have *BCD* himself *CD.* 222 Aire *C* Air *D* sighs *CD.* 224 arms *CD.*

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Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote,
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th' day?
Ar. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since thou dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,

225 Mariners *CD* dispos'd *CD*. 226 Fleet *CD*. 227 ship *CD* deep Nook *CD*. 228 call'dst *CD* up *BCD* dew *CD*. 229 shee's *CD*. 230 Mariners *CD* under *BCD*. 231 Charm *CD* joynd *B* joyn'd *CD* suffered *BCD*. 232 have *BCD* a-sleepe *B*. 233 have *BCD* again *CD*. 234 upon *BCD* Mediterranean *BCD*. 238 work *CD*. 241 us *BCD*. 242 toyl *CD* give *BCD* paines *B*.

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Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more:
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice.
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere.
Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax,* who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

---

245 What] Which *BCD.* Liberty *CD.* 246 preethee *B.* 247 have *BCD* service *BCD.* 249 grudg (*sic*) *D* didst *CD.* 250 yeare *B* year *CD.* 252 thinkest *BCD* Ooze *ist zur folgenden Zeile gezogen D.* 253 of *D* deep *CD.* 254 upon *BCD* sharp wind *CD.* 255 do *D* business *D* veins *D.* 256 do *D.* 258 foul *D* Envy *BC* envy *D.* 259 gowne (*sic*) *B* grown *CD* Hoop *CD.* 260 speake *D.*

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Ar. Sir, in *Argier.*

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax,*
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ar. I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my slaue,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,

---

262 month *D.* 264 mischiefs *CD.* 265 human *D.* 269 blew-ey'd *D.* 270 slave *BCD.* 271 report'st *CD* self *CD* servant *BCD.* 272 spirit *D.* 273 Act *B* abhor'd *D.* 275 help *CD* ministers *CD.* 276 unmittigable *BCD.* 277 cloven *BCD.* 278 painfully *CD* remain *CD.* 279 yeares *B* years *CD.* 280 Where *C* groans *CD.* 281 -wheels *C* Mill wheels *D* then *D.* 282 Save *BCD* Sunne *B* Sun *CD* he] *ABCD* she *Rowe* here *CD.*

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A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently.

Pro. Dòe so; and after two daies
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

---

283 frekel'd *D* whelp *CD* -born *CD*. 284 human *D*. son *CD*. 286 keep *CD* service *BCD*. 287 find *CD* groans *CD*. 288 Woolves *C* wolves *D* howl *CD* brests *D*. 289 ever-*BCD* Bears *D*. 290 upon *BCD*. 291 again *CD* undoe *BC* undo *D* art *D*. 292 arriv'd *CD*. 293 thank *CD*. 294 Oak *CD*. 295 peg thee *CD* entrails *CD*. 296 twelve *BCD*. 298 do *D* spriting *CD*. Do *CD* dayes *BCD*. 300 do *D* do *D*.

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Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euery eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heauinesse in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit *Caliban,* my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answere.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: *Caliban:*
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-Nymph.*

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301 Go *CD* self *CD* like to a *BCD.* 302 subject *BCD* invisible *BCD.* 303 every *BCD* go *CD.* 304 go *C.* 305 dear *CD* heart *BCD.* 306 strangenesse *C* strangeness *D.* 307 Heavinesse *BC* Heaviness *D.* 308 We'll *CD* slave *BCD* never *BCD.* 309 Yields *CD* us *BCD* kind answer *CD.* 310 villain *CD* do *D* love *BCD* look *CD.* 311 miss *D.* 312 serves *BCD* in *fehlt BCD.* 313 us *BCD* slave *BCD.* 314 speak *CD.* 315 businesse *BC* business *D.*

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Fine apparision: my queint *Ariel,*
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by the diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.
Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee

---

317 apparition *CD* quaint *BCD.* 318 Heark *CD* ear *CD. Ar, B.* 319 poisonous *BCD* slave *BCD* divell *B* Devil himself *CD.* 320 Upon *CD.* 321 dew *CD* Mother *CD.* 322 Ravens *BCD* unwholesome *B* unwholsome *CD.* 323 South-west *CD.* 324 o're *CD.* 325 have *BCD.* 326 up *BCD* Urchins *CD.* 327 work *CD.* 329 thick *CD* honny-*C* hony-comb *D.* 330 eate *B.* 331 Mother *CD.* 333 stroak'st *CD* would'st *CD* give *BCD.* 335 less *D.* 336 burn *CD* lov'd *BC* loved *D.*

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And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax:* Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slaue,
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with Calibans.

Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like

---

337 shewed *BCD* o'the *D.* 338 fertil *D.* 339 that I did *BCD* Charms *D.* 340 Toads *CD* Bats *CD.* 341 Subjects *BCD* have *BCD.* 342 mine *BCD* own *CD.* 343 Rock *CD* do *D* keep *CD.* 344 of the *D.* slave *BCD.* 345 move *BCD* not] nor *B* kindness *D* have *BCD* us'd *BCD.* 346 human *D* thee *fehlt D.* 347 own *CD* seek *CD.* 348 honour *BCD* Child *D.* 349 been *CD.* 350 prevent *BCD* peopl'd *D.* 351 Mira.] Pros. *Theobald nach Dryden* Slave *BCD.* 352 goodness *CD* will *BCD.* 353 pittyed *BC* pitied *D.* 354 paines *B* speake *B* hour *CD.* 355 Savage *CD.* 356 own *CD.*

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A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deseruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deseru'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

Pros. Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse; shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So slaue; hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

Ariel. Song. *Come vnto these yellow sands,*
and then take hands:

---

357 bruitish *D.* 358 known *CD.* 359 int't (*sic*) *CD.* 360 wa'st *CD.* 361 Deservedly *BCD* Rock *CD.* 362 Deserv'd *CD* than *D.* 366 us *BCD* Fewel *CD* quick *CD* thou art *D.* 367 business *D.* 368 neglect'st *CD* unwillingly *BCD.* 369 I'le *D* rack *CD* crampes *B* cramp's *C* cramps *D.* 373 control *D* Dam's *CD.* 374 vassail *D.* slave *BCD* Exit Cal. *fehlt CD.* invisible *BCD.* 376 Ariel's Song. *CD* unto *BCD.*

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Curtsied when you haue, and kist
the wilde waues whist:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare 380
the burthen. Burthen dispersedly.
Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.
Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting*
Chanticlere
cry cockadidle-dowe.
Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or
th'earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God 'oth' Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke. 390
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe. 395
Ariell Song. *Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,*
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Those are pearles that were his eies,

---

378 Curt'sied *CD* have *BCD.* 379 wild *CD* waves *BCD.* 380 Foot *CD* here *CD.* 381 sweet *CD* sprights *D* bear *CD* beare the burthen] the burthen beare *Pope.* 382 Hark, hark *CD* bough-wawgh *CD.* 383-Dogs *CD* bark *CD* bough-wawgh *C* bough wawgh *D.* 384 hear *C* heard *D.* 385 strain *CD.* 387 should *CD* Musicke *B* air *D.* 388 waits *CD* upon *BCD.* 389 god' oth' *BCD* bank *CD.* 390 again *CD* wrack. *CD* wreck, *Rowe.* 391 Musick *CD* creept *B* upon *BCD* Waters *C.* 393 ayr *D* have *BCD.* 394 drawn *CD.* 395 begin: (*sic*) *B* again *CD.* 396 Ariel's Song *CD* five *BCD.* 397 Coral *D.* 398 pearl's *C* pearls *D* eyes *BCD.*

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Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strayes about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble.

---

402 -Nymphs *D.* 404 Hark *CD* hear *CD.* 406 mortal *CD* businesse *C* business *D.* 407 ows *D* hear *CD* above *BCD.* 408 Curtains *CD* advance *BCD.* 409 spirit *BCD.* 410 look's *CD* Beleeve *B* Believe *CD.* 411 brave *BCD* form *D.* 412 sleepes *B.* 413 have *BCD.* 414 wrack *CD* he's *D.* 415 griefe *B* grief *CD.* 416 fellows *D.* 417 find *D.* 418 divine *BCD* natural *CD.* 419 ever *BCD.*

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Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Most sure, the Goddesse
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.
Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples:* he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples,*
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of
Millaine

420 soul *CD* I'le *CD*. 421 days *D* goddesse *BC* goddess *D*. 423 remain *CD* upon *BCD*. 424 give *BCD*. 425 bear *CD* here *CD*. 427 Maid *C* made (*sic*) *D*. sir *CD*. 428 certainely *B* Maid *CD*. Heavens *BCD*. 429 speak *CD*. 433 hear *CD* Thee *CD* speak *CD* hear *CD*. 434 weep *CD* self *CD*. 435 never *BCD* ebb *D*. 436 my] ny *(sic) D*. Alack *CD*. 437 Millain *CD*.

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And his braue sonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel,*
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speakes my father so vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pitty moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples.*

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
I must vneasie make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,

---

438 brave *BCD* son *CD* twain *CD.* Millain *CD.* 439 braver *BCD.* 441 they *D* have *BCD* Dilicate *C.* 442 I'le *D.* 443 fear *CD* have *BCD* self *CD.* 444 speaks *CD* Father *D* urgently *(sic) BCD.* 446 pity *D* move *BCD* Father *D.* 448 I'le *D.* 449 Queen *CD.* Sir *CD.* 450 eithers *CD* business *CD.* 451 uneasie *BCD* lest *D.* 453 here *CD* usurpe *BC* usurp *D.* 454 Name *D* self *CD.* 455 Upon *CD* spye *CD.* 457 There's *D.*

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If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will striue to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Pros. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

Pros. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you Father.

Pros. Hence: hang not on my garments.

---

458 have *BCD* faire *B* fair *CD* an house *D*. 459 strive *BCD*. 460 Pros. *ist nochmals von A hinzugefügt, weil die Zeile am Anfang einer neuen Seite steht.* Speak *CD* he's *CD* Traitour *C*. 461 I'le *CD* neck *CD* feet *CD*. 462 Sea-water *D* drink *CD*. 463-brook *CD* Mussles *CD* husks *CD*. 464 Acorn *CD*. 465 entertainement *B*. 466 Enemy has *D*. draws *D* moving *BCD*. dear *CD*. 467 trial *D*. 468 He's *CD* fearefull *B* fearful *D*. 469 foot *CD* up *BCD* Traytor *B* Traitour *C*. 470 makes *BCD*. 471 so *fehlt CD*. 472 hear *C* here *D* disarm *CD* stick *CD*.

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Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his surety.
Pros. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush:
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Hauing seene but him and *Caliban:*) Foolish wench,
To th'most of men, this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth
Let liberty make vse of: space enough
Haue I in such a prison.
Pros. It workes: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell:* follow me,

---

474 have *BCD.* 475 I'le *CD.* 477 advocate *BCD.* 479 Having *BCD* seen *CD.* 482 have *BCD.* 484 Nerves *BCD* again *CD.* 485 have *BCD.* 486 dream *CD* up *BCD.* 487 Father's loss *D* weakness *CD* feel *CD.* 488 wrack *CD* man's *D.* 489 whome *B* subdu'd *CD.* 491 Maid *CD.* 492 use *BCD.* 493 Have *BCD* Prison *D.* Pro. *BC* works *CD.*

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Harke what thou else shalt do mee.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariell. To th' syllable.
Pros. Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, some Saylors wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preseruation) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.
Alons. Prethee peace.

---

495 Hark *CD* doe *C* me *BCD*. 496 Father's *BCD* Nature *D* 497 Than *D* appears *CD* unwonted *BCD*. 498 Pro. *BC*. 499 mountain winds *CD* doe *C*. 501 Pro. *BCD* speak *CD*. Scena *C*. 1 have *BCD*. 2 have *BCD* joy *BCD*. 3 loss *D* wo *D*. 4 common; *Pope* every *BCD* Sailors *CD* Wife *CD*. 6 Have *BCD* just *BCD* Theam *CD*. 7 mean *CD* preservation *BCD*. 8 speak *CD* us *BCD*. 9 Alson. *B*.

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Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore so.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit, By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind, That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken truer then you purpos'd. [20]

Seb. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare. [25]

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager, First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke. [30]

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

---

10 receives *BCD.* 11 give *BCD* o're *CD.* 12 Look *CD.* he's *CD* up *BCD* Watch *CD* Wit *D.* 12, 13 *als Prosa Pope.* 14 Sir, — *Theobald.* 15 On *BCD.* 16—20 every *BCD* grief *CD* entertain'd *CD.* 16, 17 *als eine Zeile Capell* to the *D* entertainer — *Rowe.* dollor] Dollor *D* dollar *Capell.* haue *BCD.* than *D.* 21—25 haue *BCD* than *D.* lord — *Theobald.* prethee *CD.* 26—30 haue *BCD.* Which of he, *D* Wager *D.* 28, 29 *als Prosa Pope.* Cock *CD.*

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Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert. [35]

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you'r paid.

Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't. [40]

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd. [45]

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

Ant. True, saue meanes to liue. [50]

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes? How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't. [55]

Ant. He misses not much.

---

35 seem *CD* desert — *Rowe.* 36—40 Ha, ha, ha *und* So. you'r paid *als eine Zeile, gesprochen von Sebastian: Theobald:* Uninhabitable *CD* inaccessible — *Rowe.* miss't *CD.* 45 deliver'd *BCD.* 46—50 aire *C* air *D* upon *BCD* us *BCD.* perfumed *D.* Here *CD* every *BCD* advantageous *BCD.* save *BCD* means *CD* live *BCD.* 51—55 grass *D* looks *CD.* green *CD.* green *CD* in't (*sic*) *B.*

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Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are. [60]

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, [65] would it not say he lyes?

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to [70] the king of *Tunis.*

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene. [75]

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he said Widdower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it? [80]

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage,* not of *Tunis.*

56—60 rarity *CD.* credit — *Rowe.* rarities *CD.* 61—65 freshness *D* dy'd *CD.* salt *CD.* Pockets *D* speak *CD.* 66—70 lies *CD.* up *BCD.* Methinks *CD.* wee *C* Affrick *CD.* Kings fair *CD* Daughter *D.* 71—75 return *CD.* never *BCD.* Queen *CD.* 76—80 Widow *CD.* a C. Widow *CD.* Widow *CD.* sayd *B* Widower *CD.* 81—85 Widow *CD.* she *D.*

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Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage.*

Adri. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you *Carthage.* [85]

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in [90] his pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I.

Ant. Why in good time. [95]

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido.* [100]

Ant. O Widdow *Dido?* I, Widdow *Dido.*

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage. [105]

---

sir *D.* 86—90 Harp *CD.* easie *CD.* think he *CD.* 91—95 give *BCD* son *CD.* 96—100 seem *CD.* Daughter *D* Queen *CD.* e're *D.* Widow *CD.* 101—105 Widow *CD* Widow *CD.* Is not my doublet (Doublet *CD*) Sir *BCD.* mean *CD.* Daughters Marriage *D.*

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Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against
the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer
Married my daughter there: For comming thence
My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,
Who is so farre from *Italy* remoued,
I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Millaine,* what strange fish
Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,
I saw him beate the surges vnder him,
And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
'Boue the contentious waues he kept. and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th'shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed,
As stooping to releeue him: I not doubt
He came aliue to land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,

---

106 ears *CD.* 107 stomack *C* stomach *D* Would *D* never *BCD.* 108 coming *D.* 109 son *CD.* 110 far *CD* removed *BCD.* 111 again *CD* heir *D.* 112 Millain *CD.* 113 meal *CD.* live *BCD.* 114 beat *CD* under *BCD.* 115 upon *BCD* backs *CD.* 116 Enmity *D* finng (*sic*) *D.* 117 swoln *CD.* 118 'Bove *BCD* waves *BCD.* 119 Himself *CD* arms *D* strokes *D.* 120 o're *D* wave-*B* wave-worn *CD.* 121 releeve *B* relieve *CD.* 122 alive *BCD* Land *CD.* he's *CD.* 123 thanke *B* self *CD* loss *D.* 124 bless *D* Daughter *D.*

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But rather loose her to an Affrican,
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.
Alon. Pre-thee peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise,
By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe
Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame should bow: we haue lost
your son,
I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue
Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.
Alon. So is the deer'st oth'losse.
Gon. My Lord *Sebastian,*
The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most Chirurgeonly. [140]
Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Fowle weather?
Ant. Very foule.

---

125 lose *BCD.* 126 Eye *D.* 127 grief *CD.* Prethee *CD.* 128 to *D.* 129 us *BCD* fair soul *CD* self *CD.* 130 Weigh'd *D* between *CD* loathness *D.* 131 o'th *C* beam *CD* have *BCD.* 132 fear *CD* ever *BCD* Millain *CD* have *BCD.* 133 Widows *CD* business *D.* 134 Than *D.* 135 fault's *BCD* own *CD.* o'th' *CD.* 137 speak *CD* lack *CD* gentleness D. 138 speak *CD.* 139 Plaister *D.* 141—145 foul *CD* us *BCD.* Foul *CD* foul *CD.*

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Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.
Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed.
Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.
Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.
Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard, none:
No vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soueraignty.
Seb. Yet he would be King on't.
Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, fellony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

---

lord — *Pope.* He'd *CD.* Dockes *B* docks *C* Docks *D* Mallows *CD.* 145 doe *C.* 146 drunk *CD.* 148 kind *CD* Traffick *CD.* 150 known *CD* poverty *BCD.* 151 use *BCD* service *BCD.* 152 Born *CD* Land *BCD.* 153 use *BCD* Metall *C* Metal *D* Corn *CD* Oyl *CD.* 155 women *BCD.* 156 Soveraignty *BCD.* 157 Commonwealth *D.* 160 endeavour *CD* Felony *D.* 161 need *CD.* 162 have *BCD.* 163 it's *C* its *D* own *CD* kind *CD.*

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Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects? 165

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I would with such perfection gouerne Sir: T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty.

Ant. Long liue *Gonzalo.*

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing [170] to me.

Gon. I do well beleeue your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse to laugh at nothing. [175]

Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who in this kinde of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there giuen? [180]

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it fiue weekes without changing.

---

165 subjects *B* Subjects *CD.* 166—170 Knaues *B* Knaves *CD.* governe *B* govern *CD.* T'excell *CD.* 'Save *BC* Save *D* Majesty *BCD.* live *BCD.* And — *Dyce* doe *C* mark *D.* Prethee *CD* do'st *C* talk *CD.* 171—75 doe *C* beleeve *B* believe *CD* Highness *D.* always *D* use *BCD.* 176—180 kind *CD.* nothing *(zweites)*] nothiog (*sic*) *D.* given *BCD.* 181—185 fallen *B* faln *CD.* of a brave *CD* brave *B* metal *CD.* Moon *CD* sphere *CD.* five *BCD* weeks *CD.*

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Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling. [185]

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs. [190]

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes
Would (with themselues) shut vp my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,
Do not omit the heauy offer of it:
It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thanke you; Wondrous heauy.

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

---

solemn Musick *CD.* 186—190 adventure *BCD.* a sleepe *B* asleep *CD.* heavie *B* heavy *CD.* sleep *CD* hear *CD* us *BCD.* 191 soon *CD* asleep *CD* Eyes *D.* 192 would *D* themselves *BCD* up *BCD* Would — I finde *eine Zeile Pope.* 193 find *CD* doe *C.* 194 Doe *CD* heavy *BCD.* 195 seldome *C* seldom *D* it is a Comforter *besondere Zeile Rowe.* 196 will — rest *eine Zeile Rowe.* 197 and watch your safety *gesonderte Zeile Rowe.* 198 Thank *CD* wondrous *D* heavy *BCD.* 199 dowsinesse (*sic*) *B* drowsinesse *C* drowsiness *D.* 200 Climate *D.* Why. *B.* 201 Eye- *D* sink *D* find *D.* 202 Not *ist zur vorhergehenden Zeile gezogen Rowe* self *CD* sleepe *B.*

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Ant. Nor I, my spirits ar nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian?* O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me speake?
Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:
And yet so fast asleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebastian,*
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.

---

203 consent, *Pope.* 204 might: *C* might, *D.* 205 Sebastian — *Rowe* might — *Rowe.* 206 thinks *CD.* 207 the occasion *D* speakes *D* speak's *C.* 208 sees *D* Crown *CD.* 209 upon *BCD.* 210 hear *CD* speak *CD.* 212 sleep *CD.* 213 asleep *CD.* 214 Eyes *D* moving *BCD.* 215 a sleepe *B* asleep *CD.* 216 sleep *CD.* 217 dost *D.* 219 than *D* custom *D.* 220 doe *C.*

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Seb. Well: I am standing water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed,
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.
Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd
As he that sleepes heere, swims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.

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222 I'le *CD.* ebb *D* 223 sloth *D.* 225 mock *CD.* 226 invest *BCD.* 227 doe *C* near *CD* bottom *CD.* 228 own fear *CD.* 'Prethee *C* Prethee *D.* 229 Eye *D* cheek proclaim *CD.* 231 throws *D* throes *Pope* yield *CD.* 232 weak *CD.* 235 he's *CD* only *D.* 236 son's *CD* alive *BCD.* 237 he's *CD* undrown'd *BCD.* 238 sleeps here *CD.* have *BCD.* 239 he's *CD* undrown'd *BCD.*

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Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way. Is
Another way so high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples?*

Seb. *Claribell.*

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis:* she that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis,*
So is she heyre of *Naples,* 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.

---

240 have *BCD* way: *BCD* is *D.* 241 Way *B* an hope *D* even *BCD.* 242 wink *CD.* 243 discovery *BCD.* 244 Hee's *B.* 245 who's — Naples *besondere Zeile Pope.* heir *CD.* 246 Queen *CD* dwells *CD.* 247 Leagues *D* man's Life *D.* 248 have *BCD* unlesse *BCD* unless *D* post, *Rowe.* 249 i'th' *D* Moon's *CD* -born *CD.* 251 though] tho *D* again *CD.* 252 *Klammer hinter* destiny *fehlt B, beide Klammern fehlen CD.* 253 is] in *BCD* prologue *CD.* 254 stuff *D.* 255 brother's *CD* Queen *CD.* 256 heir *CD.*

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Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure vs back to *Naples?* Keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnnecessarily
As this *Gonzallo:* I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?
Seb. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brothet *Prospero.*
Ant. True:
And looke how well My Garments sit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conscience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not

257 ev'ry *BCD.* 258 Seems *CD* 'how — Naples?' *Steevens* 'how-wake' *Grant White.* 259 us *BCD* to] by *BCD* keep *CD.* 262 Than *D.* 263 sleeps *CD.* 264 unnecessarily *BCD.* 265 Gonzalo *BCD* self *CD.* 266 Cough *D* deep *CD.* 267 mind *CD* sleep *CD.* 268 advancement *BCD* Doe *C* understand *BCD.* 269 Methinks *D* thinks *C* doe *C.* 270 own *CD.* 271 Brother *BCD.* 272 look *CD* upon *BCD.* 273 than *D* Brother's *C* brother's *D* servants *BCD.* 274 fellows *CD.* 275 Conscience *D.* 277 feel *CD.*

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This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine,* candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine,*
I'le come by *Naples:* Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
And I the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo.*

Seb. O, but one word.

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278 Twenty *CD* Consciences *D.* 279 Millain *CD.* 280 molest *CD* Here *CD* your] you (*sic*) *D.* 281 Earth *D* lyes *B* upon *BCD.* 282 he's *CD.* 283 steel *CD.* 284 ever *BCD.* 285 perpetual *D* wink *CD* ay *D.* 286 morsel *D.* 287 upbraid *BCD.* 288 milk *CD.* 289 clock *CD* business *D.* 290 hour *CD.* dear *CD.* 291 Millain *CD.* 292 Sword *D.* 293 payest *CD.* 294 love *BCD.* 295 rear *CD* doe *C.*

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Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:
If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserue the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherfore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose, (Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you? It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;

Musick *CD.* 299 project *BCD* keep *CD* living *BCD.* Gonzalo's ear (Ear *D*) *CD.* 301 Conspiracy *D.* 303 keep *CD.* 304 of *C.* 306 Then — Angels *ein Vers Staunton* us *BDC* sudden *CD.* preserve *BCD* preserve the king *besondere Zeile Staunton.* 308 hoa;] ho? *D* awake; *D* awake! *Hanmer.* 309 Where-fore *C.* 311 Even *BCD.* 312 Bulls *CD.* 313 strook *CD* mine] mime (*sic*) *B* ear *C* Ear *D.* 314 Monster's *D* ear *C* Ear *D.*

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To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.
Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo?*
Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poore sonne.
Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island.
Alo. Lead away.
Ariell. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue done.
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By ynch-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,

---

315 Earthquake *D* roar *D*. 316 herd *CD*. 317 Upon *CD*. 319 sir *D* cri'd *CD* open'd *CD*. 320 weapous (*sic*) *B* drawn *CD* noise *D*. 321 upon *BCD*. 324 poor son *CD*. Heavens *BCD* keep *CD*. 325 i'th' *D*. 326 have *BCD*. 327 go *CD* seek *CD* son *D*. Scena *CD*. wood *CD* noise *D*. 1 Sun sucks *CD* up *BCD*. 3 inch-meal *D* -meal *C* hear *CD*.

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And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em; but
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in slowly. I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud [20], yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fish? dead [25] or aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient

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4 needs *CD* they'l *CD* nor] not *CD*. 5 Urchin- *C* Urchin--shews *D* i'th' *D*. 6 dark *CD*. 7 unlesse *BC* unless *D*. 8 every *BCD* triffle *D* upon *BCD*. 11 Lie *CD* barefoote *B* barefoot *CD*. 12 foote- *B*. 13 cloven *BCD*. 14 Do *CD* hiss *D* madness *D*. 16 Ile *B*. 17 mind *CD*. 18 bear *CD*. 19 storme *B* storm *CD*. 20 hear *CD* 'ith *(sic) BC* i'th' *D* wind *CD* black *CD*. 21—25 looks *CD* foul *CD*. liquor *CD*. chuse *BCD* pailefulls *C* pailfulls *D*. have *BCD*. 26—30 alive *BCD* he *CD* smells *CD*.

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and fishe-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue [30] a peece of siluer: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes [35]: warme o' my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter [40] hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes: I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore. [45]

This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine, & I;

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fish- *BCD* kind *CD*. poor John *CD*. this] his (*sic*) *B*. an *D* holyday- *B* holy-day fool *CD* give *BCD*. 30—35 piece *CD*. silver *BCD* monster *BCD*. give *BCD* relieve *BCD* Beggar *CD*. Fins *CD* Arms *D*. 36—40 warm *CD*. do *D*. Thundebolt (*sic*) *B* Alass *C* storm *CD*. again *CD* creep *CD* under *BCD*. 41—45 bedfellows *CD*. dregs *CD* storm *CD*. 46—50. 46, 47 *als Prosa Pope* scurvy *BCD* man's *D*. Funeral *D* Drinks *CD*. Boat-swain *CD*.

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The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie, [50]
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the sauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch. [55]
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a scuruy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and [60]
Men of Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' nostrils. [65]

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where

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Lov'd *CD* Margery *CD*. 51—55 us *BCD*. Saylor *B* Sailour *C* go *C*. lov'd *BCD* savour *BCD*. Taylor *CD*. 56—60 sea *D* Boys *C* boys *D* go *CD*. This — comfort *als eine Zeile Pope*. This] That *D* scurvy *BCD*. drinkes *B* Drinks *D*. Doe — matter *als eine Zeile Pope*. Do *D*. Have *BCD* divels *B* Devils *CD*. Do *CD* tricks *CD* upon's *BCD* Salvages *BCD*. 61—65 men *D* have *BCD* bee *B* afeard] afraid *D*. four legs *CD* been *D*. ever *BCD* four *CD* leges *B* legs *CD*. give *BCD* sayd *B* again *CD*. at nostrils *BCD*. 66—70 monster *BCD*. four *CD* hath] had *D* ague *BC*.

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the diuell should he learne our language? I will giue him some reliefe if it be but for that: [70] if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Present for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me, 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faster. [75]

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee [80] shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* workes vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: [85] here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be, [90]

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divell *B* Devil *CD* learn *CD* give *BCD.* relief *CD.* 71—75 recover *BCD* keep *CD.* Emperor *D* ever *BCD.* Neats-Leather *CD.* Do *D* prethee *D.* 76—80 do's *CD* talk *CD.* he *CD* he *CD.* have *BCD* never *BCD* drunk *CD* Wine *CD* go near *CD.* remove *BCD* fit *B* recover *BCD* keep *CD.* he *BCD.* 81—85 dost *CD.* works *CD* upon *BCD.* 86—90 give *BCD* you, cat *Rowe.* again *CD.* I — be *keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope.* voice *D.* be — *BCD.*

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But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter [95] foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano. [100]

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo;* [105] be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo.*

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'le pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this [110] Moone--calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's?*

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder--strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine,

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91—95 he *BCD* drown'd *CD* divels *B* Devils *CD.* Four legs *CD* voices *D.* voice *D* speak *CD.* well *fehlt BCD* voyce *BC* utter *BCD.* 96—100 foul *CD* Wine *CD.* Bottle *CD* recover *BCD* help *CD.* pour *D.* 101—105 Divell *B* Devil *CD* leave *BCD.* have *BCD* Spoon *C* spoon *D.* speak *CD.* 106—110 afeard] afraid *D.* beest *CD* forth *D.* legs *CD.* legs *CD* indeed *CD.* 111—115 Moon-calf *CD.* hee *BC.* took *CD* kill'd *CD.* -stroke *BCD* drown'd *CD.* drown'd *CD* storme *B* storm *CD* over- *B* over-blown *CD.* me *BCD* under *BCD* Moon- *C* Moon-Calfs *D.*

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[115] for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: [120] that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

St. How did'st thou scape?
How cam'st thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the [125] Saylors heaued o'reboord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'shore.

Cal. I'le sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly. [130]

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke i'le be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.
Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose. [135]

116—120 fear *CD* Storm *CD* living *BCD*. Neapolitans *D*. turn *CD* mee *B*. stomack *CD*. 121—125 brave *BCD* god *BCD* bears *CD* Celestial *D*. kneel *CD*. How did'st — hither *keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope*. Swear *CD*. upon *BCD* Sack *CD*. 126—130 heaved *BCD* o'reboard *CD* bottle! *Rowe*. Bark *CD* own *CD*. ashore *CD*. swear *CD* upon *BCD*. subject *BD* Subject *C*. 131—135 Here *CD* swear *CD*. Duck *CD*. Duck *CD* sworn *CD*. Here — Booke *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope* booke *B* Book *CD*. Tho *D* Duck *CD*.

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Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'sea-side, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen? [140]

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I [145] will furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:
The man ith' Moone?
A most poore creadulous Monster:
Well drawne Monster, in good [150] sooth.

Cal. Ile shew thee euery fertill ynch 'oth Island: and
I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle. [155]

136—140 Seephano *(sic) B* has't *CD.* rock *CD* Sea side *CD* wine *BCD* hid *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* Moon-Calf *CD.* Has't *CD* heaven *BCD.* 141—145 Moon *CD.* Moon *CD.* have *BCD* seen *CD* do *D.* Mistresse *CD.* swear *CD* Book *CD.* 146—150 with the new *BCD* contents *BCD* Swear *CD.* weake] shallow *BCD.* The man — sooth *keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope.* Moon *CD.* poor *CD* credulous *CD.* drawn *CD.* 151—155 I'le *CD* thee] the *CD* every *BCD* fertil inch *D* o'th' *CD* Island] Isle *BCD.* foot *CD.* asleepe *B* asleep *CD* hee'll *C.*

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Cal. Ile kisse thy foot. Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scuruie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him. [160]

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. [165]
A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most rediculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard. [170]

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get thee

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156—160 I'le *CD* I'le *CD* swear *CD* self *CD* Subject *BCD.* down *CD* swear *CD.* self *CD.* puppy- *CD* scurvie *BCD.* find *CD* beat *CD* him — *Pope.* 161—165 poor *CD* drink *CD* drinke *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* abominable *D.* Ile shew — Berries *eine Zeile Pope* pluck *CD.* 166—170 upon *BCD* serve *BCD.* bear *CD* Sticks *CD* thou — man *eine Zeile Pope.* wondrons (*sic*) *B.* ridiculous *BCD.* proore (*sic*) *B* poor *CD.* 171—175. 171 ff. *bei Pope als Verse:* I prethee — grow; And I — pig-nuts; Show — how; To snare — bring thee; To — get thee; Young — me. I prethee *BCD.* nayls *D* dig *CD.* Iay's *CD.*

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[175] young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo,* the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; [180] we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'le make for fish,*
Nor fetch in firing, [185] at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish:
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome [190] high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse
Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters

176—180 Rock *CD* go *CD.* Ste.] Cal. (*sic*) *BCD* prethee *CD.* drownd *CD* we *CD.* bear *CD.* 181—185 again *CD.* sings *CD.* farewell (*zweites und drittes*)] farewel *D.* 186—190 trenchering] trencher *Pope.* 192 brave *BCD.* Scena Prima *CD.* 1 painful *D* labour *BCD.* 2 set] sets Rowe kinds *BCD* baseness *D.* 3 undergon *BCD* poor *CD.*

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Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a sore iniunction; my sweet Mistris
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
Most busie lest, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda*
Mir. Alas, now pray you *and Prospero.*
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,
Hee's safe for these three houres.
Fer. O most deere Mistris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must striue to do.

---

4 mean Task *CD.* 5 heavie *B* heavy *CD.* 6 mistris *B* Mistresse *CD* serve *CD.* 7 *Komma fehlt BCD* she *CD.* 9 compo'd (*sic*) *C* harshness *D* remove *BCD.* 10 up *BCD.* 11 Upon *CD* injunction *BCD* Mistresse *C* Mistress *D.* 12 Weeps *CD* work *CD* sayes *B* says *CD* basenesse *BC* baseness *D.* 13 never *BCD.* 14 sweete *B* even *BCD.* 15 least *BCD.* Alass *C.* 16 Work *CD* lightening *B.* 17 up *BCD* you are] thou art *BCD* enjoyned *BCD.* 18 down *CD* burns *CD.* 19 weep *CD* having *BCD.* 20 self *CD.* 21 He's *D* hours *CD.* dear *CD* mistris *B* Mistresse *C* Mistress *D.* 23 strive *BCD* doe *C.*

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Mir. If you'l sit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.
Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.
Mir. You looke wearily.
Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mir. *Miranda,* O my Father,
I haue broke your hest to say so.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda,*
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deerest to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage

---

down *CD.* 24 I'le bear *CD* Logs *CD* Pray *D* give *BCD.* 25 I'le *CD.* 26 crack *CD* sinews *CD* break *CD* back *CD.* 27 Than *D* undergoe *BCD.* 29 And *D.* 30 good-will *D.* 31 Poor worm *CD.* 32 shews *CD.* look *CD.* 33 Mistress *CD.* 35 Chiefly *CD.* 36 Miranda. *CD.* 37 have *BCD.* 38 Indeed *CD.* 39 dearest *CD.* 40 have *BCD.*

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Brought my too diligent eare: for seuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
Of euerie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince *(Miranda)* I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slauerie, then to suffer

---

42 ear *CD* severall *B* several *CD* virtues *CD*. 43 Have *BCD* severall *B* several *CD* never *BCD*. 44 soul *CD*. 46 foyle *BD* foyl *C*. 47 peerless *D*. 48 everie *B* every *CD*. doe *C*. 49 sex *CD* Face *D*. 50 Save *BCD* glass *D* own *CD* have *BCD* seen *CD*. 51 than *D*. 52 dear *CD*. 53 skilless *D* by *fehlt CD* modesty *C* Modesty *D*. 54 jewell *BC* jewel *D* 55 companion *D*. 56 form *CD*. 57 self *CD*. 58 Someting *(sic) B* wildly *D*. 59 doe *C*. 60 doe *C* think *CD*. 62 woodden *BCD* slaverie *B* slavery *CD* than *D*.

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The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your seruice, there resides
To make me slaue to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man.
Mir. Do you loue me?
Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
And crowne what I professe with kinde euent
If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert
What best is boaded me, to mischiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.
Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.
Pro. Faire encounter
Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.
Fer. Wherefore weepe you?
Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
What I desire to giue; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,

---

63 hear *CD* soul *CD* speak *CD*. 64 very *CD*. 65 service *BCD*. 66 slave *BCD*. Log- *CD*. love *BCD*. 68 Far. (*sic*) *B* heaven *BCD* bear *CD* witnesse *BC* witness *D*. 69 crown *CD* profess *D* kind *CD* event *BCD*. 70 speak *CD* invert *BCD*. 71 mischief *CD*. 72 i'th' *CD*. 73 love *BCD* honour *CD*. fool *CD*. 74 weep *CD*. Fair *CD*. 75 heavens *BC* Heavens *D* rain *CD*. 76 between *CD*. weep *CD*. 77 unworthynesse *B* unworthinesse *C* unworthiness *D*. 78 give *BCD* muchless (*sic*) *D*. 80 seekt *CD* self *CD*. 81 bulk *CD* shews *CD*.

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And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your seruant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (deerest)
And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand. *Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monster, drinke to me.

---

82 plain *CD.* 83 marry *CD.* 84 I'le *CD.* 85 deny *D* I'le *C* servant *BCD.* 86 Mistresse *C* Mistress *D* dearest *CD.* 87 ever *BCD.* Husband *CD.* 88 as] so *BCD.* 89 freedom *D* here's *CD.* 90 farewell *BC.* 91 half *CD* hour *CD.* 93 with all] withal *Theobald* rejoying *B* rejoycing *CD.* 94 I'le *CD* book *CD.* 95 supper-time *D* perform *CD.* 96 business *D.* Scena *CD.* 1—5 me; *Rowe.* drink *CD* drop, before *BC* bear *CD* up *BCD.* 'em *CD* Servant *BCD* drink *CD.*

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Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they say there's but fiue vpon this Isle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy eies are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they bee set else? hee were a braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam ere I could recouer the shore, fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe; Ile not serue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd

---

Servant *BCD* Island *D*. 6–10 five *BCD* upon *BCD*. us *CD*. Drink *CD* servant *BCD*. eyes *BCD* head] heart (*sic*) *BCD*. 11—15 be *CD* he *CD*. brave *BCD* indeed *CD* tail *CD*. Sacke *B* Sack *CD* drown me *CD*. 16–20 recover *BCD* five *BCD*. thirty *CD* on; *Rowe*. be *CD*. 21—25 he's *D*. Wee'l *BCD*. lye *CD*. Moon-calf *CD* speake *B*. Moon-calf *CD*. 26—30 lick *CD*. I'le *CD* serve *BCD*. justle *BCD*.

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Fish thou, was there euer man a Coward, [30] that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord? [35]

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall!

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death, I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your [40] head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made [45] to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it,
I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo.*

Enter Ariell inuisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Island. [50]

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ever *BCD.* 31—35 Sack *CD.* tell me a *BCD* lye *CD* half *CD* half *CD.* Lo *D* mocks *CD.* 36—40 monster *B.* Natural *D.* again *CD.* keep *CD.* 41—45 if *D* prove *BCD* mutineer *CD* mutineer — *Dyce* tree — *Rowe.* poor *CD* subject *BCD.* thank *CD.* once again to hearken *CD* suit *CD.* 46—50 Marry — Trinculo *keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope.* kneel *CD* repeat *CD.* invisible *BCD.* As I told etc. *fortlaufende Zeilen Pope* subject *BCD* Tyrant *CD.*

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Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo,* if you trouble him any more [55]
in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your
teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will
Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st)
But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,
Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch:
I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him
Where the quicke Freshes are.

51—55 jesting *BCD.* master *D.* doe *CD.* 56—60 supplaint (*sic*) *D.* 60/61 Isle, From Me, he *D* Isle, From me he *Rowe.* 61 Greatness *D.* 62 Revenge *BCD.* 63 thing *BCD* dare not, *Capell* Not *D.* 64 certain *CD.* 65 I'le *CD* serve *BCD.* 66 f. *keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope.* 68 I'le yield *CD* asleep *CD.* 69 knock *CD* nail *CD.* 71 scurvie *B* survy (*sic*) *CD.* 72 doe *C* Greatness *D* give *BCD* blows *CD.* 73 Bottle *CD.* 74 drink *CD* I'le *CD.* 75 quick *CD.*

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Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile [80] go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, As you like this, giue me the lye another time. [85]

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha. [90]

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him 95 I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge

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76—80. 76 *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* I'le turn *CD* mercy *CD* doors *CD.* Why – nothing *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* I'le *CD.* 81—85 goe (go *CD*) no further *BCD.* lyest *CD.* Doe *C* thou] you *CD.* give *BCD.* 86—90. 87 ff. *keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope* give *BCD* give thee the *D* lye *CD* wits *CD.* Bottle *CD* Sack *CD* doe *C* do *D.* murrain *CD* divell *B* Devil *C* Divil *D.* 91—95 Beat *CD.* I'le beat *CD.* further *BCD* proceed *CD.* 96 I'th' *D* afternoon *CD* sleep *CD* there] then *Collier* mayst *B* brain *CD.* Having *BCD* Books *CD* Log *CD.*

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Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's braue Vtensils (for so he calles them)
Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman,
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,
As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and Iwill be King and Queene, saue our Graces: [115] and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes: Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo?*

Trin. Excellent.

---

98 Stake *CD.* 99 Knife *CD.* 100 possess *D* Books *C* books *D.* 101 He's. 102 doe *C.* 103 Burn *CD* Books *C* books *D.* 104 brave *BCD* Utensils *CD* calls *CD.* 105 has *CD* an house *D* he'l *D* deck *CD* withal *D.* 106 deepely *B.* 107 beauty *CD* Daughter *CD* himself *CD.* 108 Calls *CD* -pareil *CD* never *BCD.* 109 only *D.* 110 far *D.* 111—115 brave *BCD* Lass *CD.* brave *BCD.* Daughter *CD.* Queen *CD* save *BCD.* 116—120 self *CD* -Roys *D* *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.*

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Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue [120] in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, [125] Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on *Trinculo,* let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout'em, and cout'em: [130] *and skowt'em, and flout'em,*

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid [135] by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

Give *BCD* beat *CD keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* liv'st *BCD* keep *CD.* 121—125 half hour *CD* asleep *CD.* 126—130 us *BCD* jocond *BCD* troul *CD.* while-ere *Cambr. Ed., keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* Request *D* doe *C* Reason *D.* Reason *D* us *BCD.* cout'em| scout'em *Rowe.* 131—135 playes *C* plays *D.* 136—140. 137 f. *Prosa Pope* self *CD* likeness *CD.* divell *B* devil *CD* tak't *CD.*

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Trin. O forgiue me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; [140]

Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,
Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd. [155]

Ste. That shall be by and by:
I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

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forgive *BCD* sins *C* sin *D*. dyes *B* pays *CD* *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* 141—145 upon *BCD*. afeard *D*. afeard *D*. airs *D* give *BCD*. 146 instruments *D*. 147 ears *C* Ears *D* sometimes *BCD* voyces *BC*. 148 sleepe. *B* sleep. *C* sleep, *D*. 149 sleep again *CD*. 150 cloudes *B* Clouds *D* me thought *CD* Riches *D*. 151—155 upon *BCD*. cri'd *CD* dream again *CD*. prove *BCD* brave *BCD* Kingdome *C* Kingdom *D*. have *BCD* musick *CD*. destroyed *D*. 156—160. 156 *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* story *BCD*. The — away *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* Let's *CD* doe *C* work *CD*.

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Ste. Leade Monster,
Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,
He layes it on. [160]
Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow *Stephano.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders; by your patience,
I needes must rest me.
Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse,
To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.
Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:
Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolu'd t'effect.
Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Lead *CD keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope* We'l *D* this] his *CD.* lays *D.* Wilt come *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope.* I'le *CD.* Scæna *B.* Gonzalo *BCD.* 1 go *CD.* 2 ake *BCD* indeed *CD.* 3 forth rights *B* forth-rights *CD.* 4 needs *BCD.* 5 self *D* weariness *D.* 6 sit *BCD* down *CD.* 7 Even *BCD* keep *CD.* 8 flatterers *BCD* dround *B* drownd *C* drown'd *D.* 9 find *BCD* sea *D* mockes *B.* 10 Land *D* go *CD.* 12 Repulse *D* forgo *CD.* 113 resolv'd *BCD.* advantage *BCD.* will—throughly *besondere Zeile Pope.*

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Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (inuisible:) Enter seuerall strange shapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and inuiting the king, &c. to eate, they depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more.
Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.
Gon. Marueilous sweet Musicke.
Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heauens: what were these?
Seb. A liuing *Drolerie:* now I will beleeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.
Ant. Ile beleeue both:
And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ile besworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

---

15 travaile *B* travell *C* travel *D*. 16 use *BCD*. 17 feesh (*sic*) *B*. Solemn *CD* Musick *CD*. invisible *BCD* severall *BC* several *D*. Banquet *D*. inviting *BCD* eat *CD*. 18 hark *CD*. 19 Marvellous *BCD* Musick *CD*. 20 Give *BCD* us *BCD* were] are *D*. 21 living *BCD* Drollery *BCD* beleeve *B* believe *CD*. 22 Unicorns *CD*. 24 hour *CD*. I'le *CD* beleeve *B* believe *CD*. 26 I'le *CD* be sworne *B* be sworn *CD* Travellers *BD* Travellours *C* ne're *C* lie *D*. 27 fools *CD* condemn *C*.

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Gon. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they beleeue me?
If I should say I saw such Islands;
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humaine generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.
Pro. Honest Lord,
Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;
Are worse then diuels.
Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse.
Pro. Praise in departing.
Fr. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue stomacks.
Wilt please you taste of what is here?
Alo. Not I.
Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were Boyes
Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneeres,

---

28 beleeve *B* believe *CD*. 29 Islanders *BCD*. 32 gentle-kind *Theobald* kind *BCD* than *D*. 33 humane *BCD* find *BCD*. 34 lord *B*. 36 than *D* divels *B* Devils *CD*. muse, *D*. 38 use *BCD* kind *BCD*. 39 dumb *CD*. 41 have *BCD* behind *BCD* we *CD* have *BCD* stomackes *B* stomackss *C*. 43 need *CD* fear *CD* we *CD* boys *D*. 44 beleeve *B* believe *CD* Mountayneers *C* Mountaineers *D*.

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Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,
Although my last, no matter, since I feele
The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings vpon the Table, and with a quient deuice the Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

---

45 Bulls *CD.* 47 breasts *CD* find *BCD.* 48 putter--out *Capell* five *BCD* us *BCD.* 49 feed *CD.* 50 feel *CD.* 51 Lord,] lord *Pope.* 52 to *D* do *D.* lightning *B* Harpy *CD.* upon *BCD* queint *BCD.* device *BCD.* 53 sin *CD.* 54 That — in't *in Parenthese Pope* instruments *D* 55 never *BCD.* 56 up *BCD* belch you up *D.* 58 unfit *BCD* live *BCD* have *BCD.* 59 even *BCD* drown *CD.* 60 selves *BCD* You *D* fools *CD* fellows *CD.* 61 Ministers *D.*

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Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero,*
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.
He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

---

63 winds *BCD* bemockt-at Stabs *Rowe.* 65 plumb *D* plume *Rowe* fellow-ministers *D.* 67 strength *D.* 68 uplifted *BC* up-lifted *D* but *C.* 69 business *D.* 70 Millain *CD.* 71 unto *BCD.* 72 child *BCD* foul *CD.* 73 Powers *CD* have *BCD.* 75 Son *CD.* 76 have *BCD* do *D.* 79 ways *D.* guards (*sic*) *D.* 80 falls *CD.* 81 Upon *CD* heart's-sorrow *oder* heart's sorrow *Rowe* heart-sorrow *Cambr. Edition.* 82 cleare *B* clear *CD.* Musick *CD.* again *CD* dance *CD* mocks *CD.*

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Pro. Brauely the figure of this *Harpie,* hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say: so with good life,
And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers
Their seuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their distractions: they now are in my powre;
And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is droun'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd,
The name of *Prosper:* it did base my Trespasse,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*

---

83 Bravely *BCD* Harpy *BCD.* 84 Ariel *BC* devouring *CD.* 85 instruction *CD.* 87 observation *BCD* Ministers *D.* 88 severall *BC* several *D* kinds *BCD* have *BCD* charms *D.* 89 Enemies *D* up *BCD.* 90 power *CD.* 91 leave *BCD.* 92 Young *CD* drown'd *CD.* 93 lov'd *BCD.* 94 I'th' *D.* 96 Methought *D* billows *CD.* 97 winds *CD.* 98 deep *CD* -pipe *CD.* 99 bass *Johnson* my] thy *D* trespass *D.* 100 Son *CD* i'th' *D.* 101 seek *CD* than *D* e're *C* plummer *D.* 102 lie *CD.*

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Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.
Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
(Like poyson giuen to work a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand,*
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her.

---

fiend *CD.* 103 I'le *CD* o're *CD.* I'le *CD* second *BCD.* 105 yoyson (*sic*) *C* given *BCD.* 106 do *D.* 107 joynts *BCD.* 108 Extasie *D.* 109 provoke *BCD.* Scæna *B.* 1 have *BCD.* 3 Have *BCD* given *BCD* own *CD.* 4 live *BCD* again *CD.* 6 trialls *C* love *CD.* 7 test] rest *BCD* heaven *BCD.* 8 gift *BCD.* 9 Do *CD* off *BCD.* 10 find *BCD* our-strip (*sic*) *B.* 11 behind *BCD.*

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Fer. I doe beleeue it
Against an Oracle.
Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

---

do *D* beleeve *B* believe *CD*. 13 guest] gift *Rowe* own *CD*. 14 Daughter *D* But *fehlt BCD*. 15 dost *D* break *CD*. 16 Ceremonies *D*. 17 right] rite *Rowe*. 18 aspersions *D* heavens *BCD*. 19 Contract *CD* barren *CD*. 20 disdain *CD*. 21 union *BCD* weeds *BCD*. 22 heed *BCD*. 23 Lampes *B*. 24 days *D* fair *CD* issue *D*. 25 love *BCD* loue as 'tis now, *Rowe*. 26 strong'st *CD*. 27 never *BCD*. 28 honour *CD*. 29 edg *D* days *B*. 30 think *CD* Phoedus *BC* Phoeduus *D* steeds *BCD*. 31 night *CD*.

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Pro. Fairely spoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
What *Ariell;* my industrious seruant *Ariell.* *Enter Ariell.*

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell:* doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue. *Exit.*

Fairly *CD.* 32 talk *CD* own *CD.* 33 Ariel *D* servant *BCD* Ariel *BCD* Ariel *BCD.* 35 fellows *CD* service *BCD.* 36 perform *CD* use *BCD.* 37 trick *CD* go *CD.* 38 O're *CD* give *BCD* power *CD.* 39 quick *CD.* 40 upon *BCD* young *CD.* 42 from] for (*sic*) *D.* 43 twink *D.* 44 go *CD.* 48 love *BCD.* 49 Dearly *CD* do *D.* 50 hear *CD.* conceive *BCD.*

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Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abstenious,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell,* bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft musick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. *Ceres,* most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which spungie *Aprill,* at thy hest betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chast crownes; & thy broome-groues;
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues,
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,

---

51 Look *CD.* do *D* give *BCD.* 52 raign *C* rein *D* oaths *D.* 53 abstemious *BCD.* 55 upon *BCD.* 56 ardours *D* Liver *BCD.* 57 Ariel *D.* 58 than *D* Musick *CD.* 60 thy] the *BCD.* 61 Wheat *CD* vetches *Capell* Oarcs (*sic*) *B* Oats *CD.* 62 Turphy *BCD* Mountains *CD* live *BCD* Sheep *CD.* 63 thetch'd *BCD* thatch'd *Rowe* Stover *BCD* keep *CD.* 64 banks *CD.* 65 spungy *BCD* April *CD.* 66 Nimphes *B* Nymphs *CD* crowns *CD* broomegroves *B* broomgroves *C* broom groves *D.* 67 loves *BCD.* 68 -lorn *C* lass-lorn *D.*

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And thy Sea-marge, stirrile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace,
Iuno
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends.*
To come, and sport: here Peacocks fly amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres,* her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter:*
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bles'd Louers.

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot

---

69 sterile *B* steril *CD* rocky- *CD.* 70 aire *C* air *D* Queen *CD.* 71 I, *CD.* 72 leave *BCD* soveraigne *B* soveraign *CD* Juno *CD.* 73 grass- *D.* 74 here] her *Rowe* Peacockes *B* amain *CD.* 75 entertain *CD.* 76 Hail *CD* many coloured *BCD* ne're *CD.* 77 Jupiter *CD.* 78 upon *BCD* flowers *CD.* 79 showers *D.* 80 bow *CD* crown *CD.* 81 bosky *BCD* unshrubd *B* unshrub'd *CD* down *D.* 82 Queen *CD.* 83 Summon'd *D* grass'd Green *CD.* 84 Love *BCD.* 86 bless'd *BCD* Lovers *BCD.* heavenly. *BCD* Bow *CD.* 87 Son *CD* dost *D.* 88 Do *D* Queen *CD.*

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The meanes, that duskie *Dis,* my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandald company,
I haue forsworne.
Ir. Of her societie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos:* and her Son
Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.
Cer. Highest Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Iu. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*
Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourely ioyes, be still vpon you,

---

89 means *CD* dusky *BCD.* 90 Boys *D* scandal'd *CD.* 91 have *BCD* forsworn *CD.* society *BCD.* 92 affraid *D* deity *BCD.* 93 son *B.* 94 Dove- *BCD* have *BCD.* 95 charm *CD* upon *BCD* man *BCD* maide *B* maid *CD.* 96 vows *CD.* 97 vain *CD.* 98 Mars's *CD* return'd again *CD.* 99 Son *C* son *D* arrows *C* Arrows *D.* 100 shoot *BCD* Sparrowes *B.* 101 boy *BCD.* Queen *CD.* 102 Juno *CD* gate] gait *Johnson.* 103 Ju. *D* go *CD.* 104 bless *D* twain *CD.* 105 honord *B* honor'd *C* honour'd *D* issue *BC* sing *D.* 106 Ju. *D* Honour *CD* marriage blessing *Rowe* marriage-blessing *Theobald.* 108 Hourly *CD* joyes *BCD* upon *BCD.*

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Iuno sings her blessings on you.
Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, wtth goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Haruest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres *blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most maiesticke vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno *and* Ceres *whisper, and send* Iris *on employment.*

---

109 Juno *CD.* 110 Earths] Cer. Earths *Theobald* increase and foyzon *BCD* plenty *BCD.* 111 Barns *CD* never *BCD.* 113 with *BCD.* 114 you *C.* 115 Harvest *BCD.* 118 majesticke *B* majestick *CD.* 120 think *CD.* 121 have *BCD* from all their *BCD.* 122 live *BCD* ever *BCD.* 123 father *B* wise] wife *Rowe.* 125 Juno *CD.* 126 do *D.* 127 marr'd *CD.* Juno *D* Imployment *D.*

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Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades,* of the windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes,
Leaue your crispe channels, and on this greene-Land
Answere your summons, *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nimphes,* and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nimphes encounter euery one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero *starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heauily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Calliban,* and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, auoid: no more.

---

128 Nymphs *CD* cal'd *C* call'd *D.* 129 crowns *CD* ever- *BCD* harmlesse *C* harmless *D* looks *C.* 130 Leave *BCD* crisp *CD* channells *C* greene-land *B* green-land *CD* green land *Theobald.* 131 Answer *BCD* Juno *CD.* 132 Nymphes *CD* help *CD.* 133 Love *BCD.* certaines (*sic*) *C* certain *CD* Nymphs *CD.* 135 hither *CD* Furrow *D.* 136 holly-day *BC* holy-day *D* Rye straw *B* Hats *C.* 137 Nymphs *CD* every *BCD.* certain *CD.* joyne *B* joyn *CD* Nymphs *CD* Dance *D.* suddenly *CD.* speaks *CD.* noise *D* heavily *BCD.* 139 foul *CD* Conspiracy *D.* 140 Caliban *D* Confederates *D.* 142 avoyd *B* avoid *CD.*

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Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly.
Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.
Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd sort,
As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision,
The Clowd-capt Towres the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile 'walke
To still my beating minde.

---

143 Father's *CD.* 144 works *CD.* Never *BCD.* 145 anger so *Theobald.* 146 do *D* look *CD* Son *CD* mov'd *BCD.* 147 dismai'd *D* cheerfull *C* chearful *D.* 148 Revels *BD* Revells *C* Actors *D.* 150 aire *C* air *D* aire *C* air *D.* 151 baseless *D* fabrick *C* Fabrick *D* this] their *BCD* Vision *D.* 152 Cloud-*D* Towers *CD* Palaces *D.* 153 solemn *CD* self *CD.* 154 dissolve *BCD.* 155 insubstantial *D.* 156 Leave *BCD* rack *CD* behind *BCD* stuff *D.* 157 dreams *D.* 158 sleep *CD.* 159 Bear *CD* weaknesse *C* weakness *D* brain *CD.* 160 infirmity *BCD.* 162 turn *CD* I'le walk *CD.* 163 mind *BCD.*

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Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell:* come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban.*

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres* I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,

---

your] you *D* Exeunt *D.* 164 thanke *B.* 165 cleave *BCD.* 166 Spirit: *als besondere Zeile Theobald.* 168 have *BCD.* 169 Lest *D.* 170 leave *BCD* Varlots *D.* 171 red hot *D.* 172 Valour *D* aire *C* air *D.* 173 beat *CD.* 174 feet *CD* alwayes *BC* always *D.* 175 project *BCD* beat *CD.* 176 unbackt *BD* unback't *C* Colts *CD* Ears *D.* 177 Advanc'd *BCD* eye lids *B* Eye-lids *D* up *BCD* Noses *D.* 178 musick *CD* Ears *D.* 179 Calf- *CD.* 180 sharp *CD* furzes *Rowe* goss *D* thornes *B.*

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Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeues.

Ar. I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, *loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.

---

181 frail *CD.* 182 filthy-mantled *Cambr. Ed.* pool *CD* your] you *B.* 183 up *BCD* foul *CD.* 184 O're- *CD* -stunk *D.* 185 invisible *BCD* retain *CD.* 186 go *CD.* 187 theeves *BC* thieves *D* Ariell *C* Ariel *D* goe *B.* 188 devill *B* devil *C* Devil *D* borne-devill *B* born-devil *CD* Nature *D.* 189 never *BCD* stick *CD* pains *CD.* 191 uglier *BCD* grows *D.* 192 mind *CD.* 193 Even *BCD* on them] them on *Rowe.* Apparel *D.* 194 *Rowe hat zwei Verse*: Pray — not *und* Heare — Cell blind *BCD.* 195 hear *CD* near *CD.* 196—200 *Prosa Pope* harmlesse *C* harmless *D* Jack *CD* us *BCD.*

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Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation. [200]

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too [205]
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's husht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor
in that Monster, but an infinite losse. [210]

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere [215]
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

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doe *C* Horse-piss *D*. My *im Zeilenanfang ABCD*. 201—205 Doe *BC* hear *CD*. Take *im Zeilenanfang ABCD* Look *CD*. lord *B* give *BCD* favour *BCD* still *BCD*. I'le *CD* to *BCD*. 206—210 hood-wink *CD* speak *CD*. lose *CD* Bottles *D* Pool *D*. dishonour *CD*. (Monster) *BCD* loss *D*. 211—215. 211 f. *als Prosa Pope* than *D* harmelesse *B* harmless *D*. Bottle *CD*. Tho *D* Ears *D*. Prethee *BCD* here *CD*. 216—220 o'th' *D*. Doe *BC* mischiefe *B* mischief *CD*. own *CD* ever *BCD*.

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Ste. Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue [220] bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano,* O Peere: O worthy *Stephano,*
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs [225] to a frippery, O King *Stephano.*

Ste. Put off that gowne *(Trinculo)* by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it.

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you meane [230]
To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone,
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is [235] not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin, you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by line and leuell, and't like your grace. [240]

Give *BCD.* 220 ff. *Prosa Pope* doe *BC* have *BCD* 221—225 Peer *CD.* Look *CD* Wardrobe *D* here *CD.* fool *CD.* we C*D.* 226—230 Frippery *D.* gown *CD.* I'le *CD* have *BCD* gown *CD.* have *BCD.* Dropsie *D* drown *CD* fool *CD* do *D* mean *CD.* 231—235 doat *CD* Let's *D.* do *D* Murder *D.* toe] too *B* crown *CD* he'll *C.* us *BCD* stuff *D.* Line *D.* 236—240 Jerkin *CD* Jerkin *CD* under *BCD* Line *D.* Jerkin *CD* hair *CD* prove *BCD.* Jerkin *CD.* Do, do *D* steal *CD* lyne *B* levell *B* level *CD.* Grace *D.*

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Ste. I thank thee for that iest; heer's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't. [245]

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low. [250]

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this. [255]

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountaine,* hey.

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, *Siluer.*

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts

241—245 thanke *B* jest *BC* Jest *D* here's *CD.* go *C* un- *B* unrewarded *CD.* Steal *CD* levell *BC* level *D.* pass *D.* 246—250 upon *BCD.* have *BCD* none] done (*sic*) *B* lose *BCD.* 251—255 help *CD* bear *CD.* Wine *D* I'le turn *CD.* Kingdome *C* Kingdom *D* go *CD.* 256—260 noise *D* divers *BCD* spirits *CD.* Prosper *CD* Ariell *CD.* Mountain *CD.* Silver *BCD* Silver *BCD.* hark, hark *CD.* Go *CD* they] thou *B* grind *CD* joynts *BCD.*

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With dry Convultions, shorten vp their sinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.
Ari. Harke, they rore.
Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me seruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Prospero *(in his Magicke robes) and* Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?
Ar. On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.
Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers?
Ar. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,
Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-groue* which weather-fends your Cell,

---

260 Convulsions *CD* up *BCD* sinews *CD*. 262 Than *D* Mountain *CD*. Hark *CD* roar *D*. 263 hour *CD*. 264 Enemies *D*. 266 have *BCD* aire *C* air *D* freedom *D*. 267 do *D* service *BCD*. quintus, *B* quintus. Scena *CD*. Magick *CD* Robes *CD* Ariell *C*. 1 Project *BCD*. 2 Charms *D* crack *CD* My *D* spirits *BC* time *BCD*. 3 upright *BCD* 4 sixth *CD* houre *B* hour *CD* lord *B*. 5 work *CD*. 6 spirit *C*. 8 gave *BCD*. 9 Just *CD* sir *D*. 10 -grove *BCD* Lime grove *Rowe*.

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They cannot boudge till your release: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo,*
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now heheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharpely,
Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not à frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariell,*

---

11 budge *C* budg *D* your] you *CD*. 12 brother *B*. 13 over *BCD*. 14 Brim-full *D* chiefely *B*. 15 Gonzalo *BCD*. 16 tears *CD* run *BCD* down *CD* Winter (*sic*) *D*. 17 eaves *BC* Eaves *D* Reeds *D*. 19 Do'st *CD* think *CD* spirit *BCD*. 20 sir *D*. 21 ayre *B* air *D*. 22 self *CD*. 23 kind *BCD* relish *D* *Komma hinter* sharply *fehlt CD*. 24 mov'd *CD* than *D*. 25 Though *C* Tho *D* struck *D* 26 Reason *D* against *CD* fury *BC* Fury *D*. 27 Do *D* action *CD*. 28 virtue *C* Vertue (*sic*) *D* Vengeance *D*. 30 frown *CD* Go *CD* Ariel *B*.

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My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,
And they shall be themselues.
Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*
Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, standing lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune,* and doe flie him
When he comes back: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce
To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
Haue I giuen fire and rifted *Ioues* stowt Oke
With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie

---

31 charms *D* I'le break *CD* senses *CD* I'le *CD*. 32 themselves *BCD*. I'le *CD* them] thim (*sic*) *C*. 33 Elves *BCD* Hills *CD* brookes *B* Brooks *CD* standing-Lakes *CD* groves *B* Groves *CD*. 34 Sands *CD* printless *CD* foot *CD*. 35 Do *D* ebbing Neptune *CD* do *D* flye *B* fly *D*. 37 Moon- *CD* do *D* green *CD*. 39 midnight Mushromes *D* -Mushromes *C* mushrooms *Rowe* rejoyce *BCD*. 40 hear *CD* solemn *CD* Curfew *D* aid *CD*. 41 Weak *CD* tho *D* have *BCD* bedimn'd *C* be-dimn'd *D*. 42 noon- *CD* mutinous *CD* winds *BCD*. 43 'twixt *CD* green *CD* Vault *D*. 44 war *C* War *D*. 45 Have *BCD* given *BCD* Ioves *B* Jov's *C* Jove's *D* stout *BCD*. 46 own *CD* bolt *D* strong-based *Rowe* promontory *BCD*.

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Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my Command
Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, Ile breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did euer Plummet sound
Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musicke.*

Heere enters Ariel *before: Then* Alonso *with a franticke gesture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebastian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Francisco: *They all enter the circle which* Prospero *had made, and there stand charm'd: which* Prospero *obseruing, speakes:*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
For you are Spell-stopt.
Holy *Gonzallo,* Honourable man,

---

47 Have *BCD* pluck't *C* up *BCD.* 48 Pine *CD* Graves *BCD* command *CD.* 49 Have *BCD.* 50 Magick *CD.* 51 here *CD* abjure *BCD* have *BCD.* 52 heavenly *BCD* Musick *CD* even *BCD* doe *BC.* 53 work *CD* upon *BCD* sences *BC* senses *D.* 54 Ayry-*B* airy charm *CD* I'le break *CD.* 55 certain *CD* fadoms *D* Earth *D* 56 than *D* ever *BCD.* 57 I'le drown *CD* Book *CD* Solemn Musick *CD.* Here *CD* then *D.* frantick *CD.* observing *BCD* speaks *CD.* 58 solemn *CD* Aire *C* Air *D.* 59 unsetled *BCD* fancy *BCD* cure *D* brains *CD.* 60 uselesse *BCD* boil *CD* boil'd *Pope.* 61 spell-*D.* 62 Gonzalo *BCD* Honorable *B* honourable *D.*

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Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace,
And as the morning steales vpon the night
(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their cleerer reason. O good *Gonzallo,*
My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly
Did thou Alonso, vse me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian.* Flesh, and bloud
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expelld remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding
Begins to swell, and the approching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them

---

63 even *CD.* 64 charm *CD* dissolves *BCD.* 65 steals *CD* upon *BCD.* 66 darknesse *C* darkness *D* senses *CD.* 67 chase *D.* 68 clearer *CD* Reason *D* Gonzalo *BCD.* 69 preserver *BCD* loyal *D.* 71 deed *BCD.* 72 Did *ist das erste Wort einer neuen Seite, als Custos ist aber am Schluss der vorhergehenden Seite* Didst *vorgedruckt AB* Didst *CD* use *BCD.* 73 Brother *C* act *CD.* 74 Sebastian, flesh and blood. *Theobald* blood *CD.* 75 Brother *C* entertain'd *BCD* Ambition *D.* 76 Expell'd *BCD* Remorse *D* Nature *D* who *Rowe.* 78 here *CD* have *BCD* doe *BC* forgive *BCD.* 79 Unnaturall *C* Unnatural *D* their *CD* understanding *BCD.* 80 approaching *BCD.* 82 lies *CD* foul *CD.*

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That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell,*
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discase me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime *Millaine:* quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,
Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariell:* I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so.
To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

---

83 looks *CB.* 85 self *CD.* 86 Millain *CD* spirit *BCD.* 89 lye *B.* 90 cowch] crowch (*sic*) *CD* Owls *D* do *CD* cry *BCD.* 91 Bats *C* Bat's *D* back *CD* flye *B* fly *D.* 92 Summer *CD.* 93 live *BCD.* 94 Under *CD* blossem *B* Blossom *CD.* 95 Why — Thee *eine Zeile BDC* miss *D.* 96 But *BCD* have *BCD* freedom *D.* 97 King's *D* Ship *CD* invisible *BCD.* 98 find *BCD* Mariners *CD* asleep *CD.* 99 Under *CD* -swain *CD.* 101 prethee *BCD.* 102 drink *CD* ayre *B* air *D* return *CD.* 103 beat *CD.*

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Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.
Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine, Prospero:*
For more assurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alo. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some inchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero*
Be liuing, and be heere?
Pro. First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not sweare.

---

105 here *CD* heavenly *BCD* us *BCD.* 106 fearfull *CD* Countrey *CD.* 107 Millain *CD.* 108 living *BCD.* 109 speak *CD.* 111 Whether thou be'st *Cambr. Ed.* Whe'er thou be'st *Capell* be'st *CD.* 113 have *BCD* been *CD.* 115 mind *BCD.* 116 fear *CD* madness *D* crave *BCD.* 118 Dukedom *D* resign *D* do *D* intreat *D.* 119 should *BCD.* 120 living *BCD* here *CD.* friend *BCD.* 121 honour *CD.* 123 swear *CD.*

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Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtleties o'th' Isle, that will nor let you
Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded,
I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you
And iustifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell speakes in him:

Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou beest *Prospero*

Giue vs particulars of thy preseruation,
How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since
Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere sonne *Ferdinand.*

---

do *D.* 124 subtilties *CD* nor] not *CD.* 125 Beleeve *B* Believe *CD* certain *CD* Welcome *CD.* 126 lords *B.* 127 here *CD* pluck *CD* highnesse *B* Highness *D* frown *CD* upon *BCD.* 128 justifie *BCD* Traitours *C.* 129 divell *B* devil *C* Devil *D* speaks *CD.* 130 Brother *C.* 131 even *BCD* doe *BC* forgive *BCD.* 132 faults *D.* 133 Dukedom *CD* thee] thre (*sic*) *B.* 135 Give *BCD* us *BCD* preservation *BCD.* 136 us *BCD* here *CD* who *BCD* hours *CD.* 137 upon *BCD* have *BCD.* 138 sharpe *B.* 139 dear *CD* Son *CD.*

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Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Nalpes*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoeu'r you haue

---

wo *D.* 140 loss *D* Patience *D.* 141 Sayes *BC* Says *D.* think *CD.* 142 have *BCD* help *CD.* 143 loss *D* have *BCD* soveraigne *B* soveraign *CD* ayd *B.* 144 self *CD.* loss *D.* 145 insupportable *CD.* 146 dear *CD* loss *D* have *BCD* means *CD.* 147 Than *D.* 148 Have *BCD.* 149 heavens *BCD* living *BCD* Naples *BCD.* 150 Queen *CD.* 151 self *CD* oo-zy *BC* Oo-zy *D.* 152 Son *CD.* 153 perceive *BCD* lords *B.* 154 do *D.* 155 devoure *BC* devour *D* Reason *D* scare (*sic*) *B* think *CD.* 156 eie (*sic*) *B* eye *C* Eye *D* do Offices *D* truth *C* their *CD.* 157 natural *D* howsoevere *B* howsoever *CD* have *BCD.*

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Beene iustled from your sences, know for certain
That I am *Prospero,* and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millaine,* who most strangely
Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you, looke in:
My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chesse.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest loue,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle,
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.

---

158 Been *CD* justled *BCD* senses *D* certaine *B.* 160 Millain *CD.* 161 Upon *CD* wrack't *C.* 162 no *BCD.* 164 Relation *D* breakfast *D.* 166 here *CD* have *BCD.* 167 Subjects *BCD* look *CD.* 168 Dukedom *D* have *BCD* given *BCD* again *CD.* 171 Dukedom *D.* discovers *BCD.* Chess *D.* 172 No, *D* love *BCD.* 174 Kingdoms you *D.* 175 fair *CD.* prove *BCD.* 176 dear Son *CD.* 177 lose *CD.*

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Seb. A most high miracle.
Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cause.
Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.
Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world
That has such people in't.
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine,*
Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer saw before: of whom I haue

Miracle *D.* 178 merciful *D.* 179 have *BCD.* 180 compass *D.* 181 here *CD.* 182 here *CD.* 183 mankind *BCD* brave *BCD.* 186 hours *CD.* 187 goddes *D* sever'd *BD* seve'rd (*sic*) *C* us *BCD.* 188 us *BCD* thus *fehlt D.* mortal *D.* 189 immortal *D* providence *BCD.* 190 ask *CD.* 191 advise *BC* advice *D.* 192 Daughter *CD* Millain *CD.* 193 have *BCD* renoun *C* renown *D.* 194 never *BCD* have *BCD.*

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Receiu'd a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgiuenesse?
Pro. There Sir stop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauinesse that's gon.
Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.
Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzallo.*
Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine,* that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples?* O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis,*
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost: *Prospero,* his Dukedome

---

195 Receiv'd *BCD* Life *D.* 198 ask *CD* child *CD* forgivenesse *BC* forgiveness *D.* 199 us *BCD.* 200 A] An *D* heavinesse *BC* heaviness *D* gone *BCD.* have *BCD.* 201 have *BCD.* look down *CD.* 202 Couple *D* crown *C* Crown *D.* 203 have *BCD.* 204 us *BCD.* Gonzalo *BCD.* 205 Millain *CD* Millain *CD* issue *BC.* 206 rejoyce *BC* rejoice *D.* 207 joy *BCD* down *CD.* 208 Pillars *CD* Voyage *D.* 209 Husband *CD* find *BCD.* 210 Brother *CD* Wife *CD.* 211 Dukedom *D.*

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In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,
When no man was his owne.
Alo. Giue me your hands:
Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you ioy.
Gon. Be it so, Amen.
Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.
O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land,
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That swear'st Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?
Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this seruice
Haue I done since I went.
Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

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212 poor *CD* us *BCD* selves *BCD*. 213 own *CD* Give *BCD*. 214 grief *CD*. 215 joy *BC* Joy *D*. Boatswain *CD*. 216 look *CD* look *CD* Sir (*zweites*) *fehlt CD* hear *C* us *BCD*. 217 Gallows *CD*. 218 drown *CD*. 219 grace *BCD* -board *CD* Oath *D*. 220 f. *eine Zeile Pope* Land *CD*. news *D*. 221 news *D* have *BCD* safely] safe *CD*. 222 Company *D* the *D*. 223 gave *BCD*. 224 tite *D* tight *Rowe* bravely *BCD*. 225 service *BCD*. 226 Have *BCD*. spirit *BCD*.

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Alo. These are not naturall euents, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?
Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.
Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure

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227 natural *D* events *BC* Events *D*. 229 think *CD*. 230 strive *BCD* sleep *CD*. 231 under *BCD*. 232 even *BCD* severall *BC* several *D* noises *CD*. 233 roaring *D* chains *CD*. 234 moe *CD* diversity *BCD* horrible, *BCD*. 236 our] her *Theobald*. 237 royal *D*. 239 Even *BCD* dream *CD* divided *BCD*. 240 moping *CD*. 241 Bravely *BCD*. 242 Alo.] Ar. *BCD* e're *CD*. 243 business *D* than Nature *D* 244 ever *BCD*. 245 knowledg *D*. Liege *CD*. 246 Do *D* infest] infect *D* mind *CD*. 247 strangeness *D* business *D* leisure] seisure (*sic*) *B* seizure *CD*.

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(Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolue you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban,* and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.

Ste. Euery man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Corasio.*

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head, here's a goodly sight. [260]

Cal. O *Setebos,* these be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are these, my Lord *Anthonio?*
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

---

248 shortly, single *ohne Klammer Rowe* resolve *BCD.* 249 seem *CD* every *BCD.* 250 happen'd *CD* cheerfull *C* cheerful *D.* 251 think *CD* spirit *BCD.* 253 Untye *C* Untie *D.* 254 Company *CD.* 255 odd *D.* driving *BCD.* stoln *C* stol'n *D* Apparel *D.* 256—60. 256—58 *keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope.* Every *BCD.* him self *C* himself *D.* Corasio] Coragio *BCD.* wear *CD.* Here's *BCD.* 261 Setebus *D* brave *BCD* spirits *BC* indeed *BCD.* 265 'em *CD.* 266 plain *CD.*

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Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano,* my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I shall not feare fly-blowing.

---

267 Mark *CD.* 268 mis-shap'd *Pope* mis-shapen *Cambr. Ed.* knave *CD.* 270 controul *CD* Moon *CD* flows *D* eb's *C* ebbs *D.* 271 deal *CD.* 272 have *BCD* robb'd *CD* divell *B* devil *CD.* 274 Fellows *CD.* 275 known (*sic*) *D* own *CD* darknesse *C* darkness *D.* 276 Acknowledg *D.* 278 *keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope* drunk *CD.* Wine *CD.* 279 reeling-ripe *D.* 280 Find *BCD.* 282—84 *keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope* have *BCD* beene *B* been *CD.* fear *CD* never *BCD.* fear *CD* flie- *C.*

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Seb. Why how now *Stephano?*

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano,* but a Cramp.

Pro. You'ld be King o'the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a sore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,
And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne

287 o'th' *CD* Sirrha *C* Sirrah *D.* 288 have *BCD* beene *B* been *CD.* 289 This is] 'Tis *CD* e're *CD.* 290 manners *BCD.* 291 Go *CD* Sirrha *C* Sirrah *D.* 292 look *CD.* 293 have *BCD* handsomly *CD.* 294 I'le *CD.* 295 seek *CD* Ass *D.* 297 fool *D.* Go *CD.* 300 invite *BCD* Highness *D* train *CD.* 301 poor *CD.* 302 which part] wich, part *Rowe* I'le *D.* 304 Go *D* quick *CD.* 305 gone *BCD.* 306 morn *D.*

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I'le bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples,*
Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Millaine, where
Euery third thought shall be my graue.
Alo. I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the eare starngely.
Pro. I'le deliuer all,
And promise you calm Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel;* chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,

spoken by *Prospero.*

NOw my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I haue's mine owne.
Which is most faint: now 't is true
I must be heere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, *Let me not*

---

307 Ile *C* Ship *D.* 308 have *BCD* Nuptialls *BCD.* 309 dear- *CD* -belov'd *BCD* belou'd, solemnized] beloved solemniz'd *Rowe.* 310 Millain *CD.* 311 Every *BCD* grave *BCD.* 312 hear *CD.* 313 ear *C* Ear *D* strangely *BCD.* Ile *BC* deliver *BCD.* 314 seas *D.* 315 sail *CD.* 316 Royal *CD* fleet *BCD* far *CD* Ariell *D* (Chicke) *B* (Chick) *CD.* 317 then *CD.* 318 near *CD.* EPILOGUE *CD.* Prosper *CD.* 1 NOw now (*sic*) *CD* Charms *CD* -thrown *CD.* 2 have's *BCD* own *C.* 3 tis *B* 'tis *CD.* 4 here *CD* confin'd *CD.*

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Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my proiect failes,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Vnlesse I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free. Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councellor.

---

6 have *BCD* Dukedom *D.* 7 deceiver *BCD.* 8 spell *CD.* 10 help *CD.* 11 Sails *D.* 12 project *BCD* fails *D.* 14 Arts *CD* enchant *BCD.* 15 despair *D.* 16 Vnless *CD* reliev'd *BCD* prayer *BCD.* 18 self *CD.* 20 indulgence *D.* an *doppelt C* un-inhabited *BC* uninhabited *D.* 1 K.] King *BCD.* 2 Sebastain (*sic*) *C* brother *BCD.* 3 rigat (*sic*) *C* Millain *CD.* 4 Brother *BC* usurping *BCD* Millain *CD.* 6 honost (*sic*) *D* Counsellor *BC.*

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Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.
Caliban, a saluage and deformed slaue.
Trinculo, a Iester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariell, an ayrie spirit.
Iris
Ceres
Iuno } *Spirits.*
Nymphes
Reapers

FINIS.

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8 Salvage *BCD* Slave *BCD.* 9 Jester *D.* 12 Boat- *BC* -Swain *C* Boatswain *D.* 13 Mariners *D.* 14 Daughter *D.* 15 Ariel *CD* ayerie *B* airy *D* Spirit *BCD.* 18 Juno *D.* 19 Nymphs *CD.* Finis *fehlt D.*

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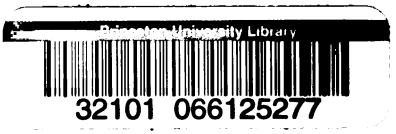

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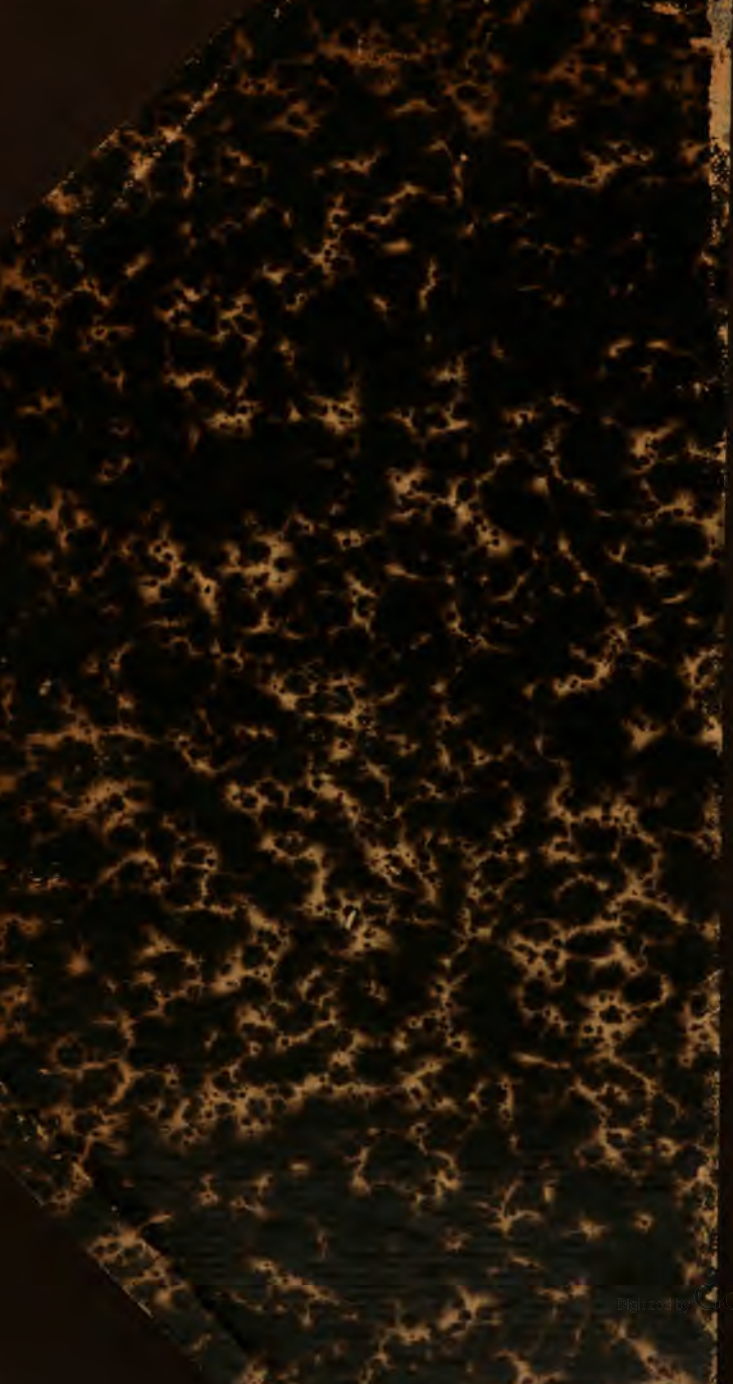
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